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8-21-14-20-8-18-19

19-16-25

# PATROL PERILOUS

SSST...  
 QUIET, HOMBRES...  
 THERE GOES THE YANKEE  
 BORDER PATROL! AS  
 SOON AS THEY PASS,  
 WE ENTER THEIR  
 COUNTRY!

**M**IDNIGHT ALONG  
 THE RIO GRANDE...  
 FATEFUL INTERNATIONAL  
 BORDER BETWEEN THE UNITED  
 STATES AND MEXICO! A STEALTHY  
 RUSTLE, A GUARDED WHISPER... THERE'S  
 EVIL ABOARD! ARE THESE JUST  
 ORDINARY BORDER-CROSSERS  
 RISKING ILLEGAL ENTRY, OR SOME-  
 THING WORSE... SPIES? IN THEIR  
 PATH STANDS A MERE HANDFUL OF  
 COURAGEOUS MEN... THE U.S.  
 BORDER PATROL! WITH ODDS  
 HEAVILY AGAINST THEM, CAN THEY  
 MEET THE CHALLENGE OF A DEADLY  
 ESPIONAGE PLOT IN THEIR PATROL  
 PERILOUS?

NOW...  
 DIVE  
 IN!

SPLASH!

BUT SOUNDS CARRY FAR IN THE QUIET DESERT  
 NIGHT...

SIMMERIN' SAGEBRUSH,  
 WHAT A JOB WE GOT,  
 SAM! NOW IN BLAZES DO  
 THEY EXPECT **TWO MEN**  
 TO PATROL A THIRTY-MILE  
 STRETCH OF THE RIVER...  
 AND TO KEEP **ANYONE**  
 FROM CROSSING OVER  
 A MILE OR TWO BEHIND  
 OUR BACKS?

STOW IT, CARL... I  
 THINK I HEARD SOME  
 SPLASHING GOING ON  
 BACK OF US! LET'S  
 DOUBLE BACK ON  
 THE TRAIL... AND  
 SEE WHAT OUR  
 HEADLIGHTS PICK  
 UP!





JUMPIN' JIMSON,  
YOU WERE RIGHT,  
SAM! A BUNCH  
OF WETBACKS  
...STILL SOPPIN'  
WET!

HALT, HOMBRES!  
YOU'RE ALL UNDER  
ARREST FOR  
ILLEGALLY CROSSING  
THE BORDER!

DON'T  
JUST  
**STAND**  
THERE,  
STUPIDOS!  
WE ARE MANY,  
AND THEY ARE  
BUT TWO---  
**OVERPOWER**  
THEM!



DON'T BE AFRAID OF  
THOSE SOFTIES---  
**GET THEM!**

HERE THEY  
COME, CARL  
...LET'S SHOW  
THAT COWARD  
IN THE BACK  
HOW **SOFT**  
WE ARE!

YEAH--- AN'  
HOW LOUD  
OUR GUNS  
CAN BARK!



**NO GUNS, CARL---**  
THESE WETBACKS LOOK  
LIKE POOR PEONS WHO WERE  
FAST-TALKED INTO LETTING  
THEMSELVES BE SMUGGLED  
OVER! WE CAN'T SHOOT  
INNOCENT DUPES!

OKAY, SAM--- I'LL  
SAVE MY GUN FOR  
THAT LOUD-MOUTH  
IN THE BACK!



BUT I AM **NOT** IN  
THE BACK **NOW**,  
MY FOOLISH FRIEND  
... I AM **HERE!**

**CRACK!**



HE GOT CARL...  
**OH-HH!**

AND I AM NOT SO NOBLE-  
MINDED ABOUT SHOOT-  
ING **DUPES**... OF  
A GOVERNMENT  
THAT SOON WILL  
BE DESTROYED!

**BANG!**



MY...MY HEAD  
...HE MUST'VE  
JUST CREASED  
ME! BUT I'D  
BETTER PLAY  
DEAD...IF I  
DON'T WANT TO  
BE DEAD!

BUT SEÑOR  
PEREZ--- YOU  
**KILLED HIM!**  
THAT WAS NOT  
GOOD...WHEN  
HE REFUSED  
TO USE HIS  
GUN!

FOOLS--- I  
DID IT FOR  
**YOU!** I HAVE  
YOUR INTERESTS  
AT HEART... I  
WILL NOT LET  
**ANYONE** KEEP  
YOU FROM THE  
**WEALTH** YOU WILL  
SOON HAVE! AND  
NOW COME--- A  
TRUCK AWAITS US AT  
A SECRET MEETING  
PLACE A SHORT  
DISTANCE FROM  
HERE!



YES, SOON YOU WILL BE AT YOUR DESTINATION... AND THEN YOUR FRIEND FROM **RUSSIA**... THE FRIEND OF **ALL** POVERTY-STRICKEN MEXICANS... WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU! YOU WILL ALL HAVE JOBS... FOOD... SHELTER... AND YOU WILL EVEN BE PAID FABULOUS SUMS TO PICK UP OBJECTS THAT FALL FROM THE HEAVENS WHILE YOU WORK!

GREAT SCOTT... FRIEND FROM **RUSSIA**... IT LOOKS AS IF I STUMBLED ON SOMETHING THAT ISN'T A MERE CASE OF IMMIGRANT SMUGGLING!



OH... MY ACHING HEAD... WHAT HIT ME?



WHATEVER IT WAS, IT COULDN'T PUT A DENT IN THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS, CARL! COME ON, GET UP! WE'VE GOT TO TURN IN A REPORT... AT THE SOUTHWEST REGIONAL OFFICE OF THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE BUREAU!

**NEXT MORNING...**

YOU DID RIGHT IN COMING HERE, WINTHROP... WHAT YOU'VE JUST TOLD ME MIGHT HELP US SOLVE THE MOST PUZZLING CASE WE'VE EVER HAD... A CASE VITALLY AFFECTING AMERICA'S ENTIRE SECURITY! YOU PROBABLY KNOW THAT THE WHITE SANDS TESTING RANGE HERE AT ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO, HAS BEEN FIRING OFF TOP-SECRET HIGH-ALTITUDE ROCKETS AND GUIDED MISSILES...

CHIEF  
SOUTHWEST REGIONAL BUREAU  
U.S. COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE



BUT WHAT YOU **DON'T** KNOW IS THAT THE ENORMOUSLY IMPORTANT INSTRUMENT WARHEADS THAT ARE LET DOWN FROM THE ROCKETS BY AUTOMATIC PARACHUTES HAVE BEEN SOMEHOW **DISAPPEARING** LATELY! OUR RADAR UNITS TRACK THEM AS THEY FALL WITHIN A RATHER LARGE AREA AROUND THE BASE, BUT BY THE TIME OUR TECHNICIAN CREWS GET TO THE SPOT WHERE WE **KNOW** THE INSTRUMENTS FELL, THEY'RE **GONE**! AND IN THE HAND OF AN ENEMY NATION, THOSE INSTRUMENTS WOULD YIELD THE SECRET OF OUR LATEST ROCKETS AND MISSILES... WHICH COULD THEN BE TURNED AGAINST **US**!



AND ONLY A LARGE, WELL-ORGANIZED BODY OF MEN... NUMEROUS AND WELL-SCATTERED ENOUGH TO SPOT THE FALLING INSTRUMENTS AND BEAT OUR MEN TO THEM... COULD BE BEHIND A PLOT OF THIS SCOPE!

HMM... IT WOULD TAKE **THOUSANDS** OF MEN TO COVER THIS WHOLE TERRITORY ADEQUATELY AND DETECT **EVERY** FALLING OBJECT! BUT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE **THAT MANY SPIES** OPERATING IN NEW MEXICO... THE ACTUAL DIRTY WORK IS PROBABLY BEING DONE BY HORDES OF HIRED MEN!



**EXACTLY!** NOW TELL ME... HOW MANY MEXICAN IMMIGRANTS FILTER INTO THIS COUNTRY ILLEGALLY EVERY YEAR?

WELL, LAST YEAR SOME 390,000 WETBACKS CROSSED OVER... BUT I'M **SURE** THEY COULDN'T BE WORKING FOR RED SPIES FROM **RUSSIA**! ALL MEXICANS ARE ON THE SIDE OF THE U.S. IN THE COLD WAR, AND THEY INSTINCTIVELY DISTRUST COMMUNISM... THEY WOULDN'T SPY FOR **RUSSIA** NO MATTER **HOW MUCH** THEY WERE PAID!





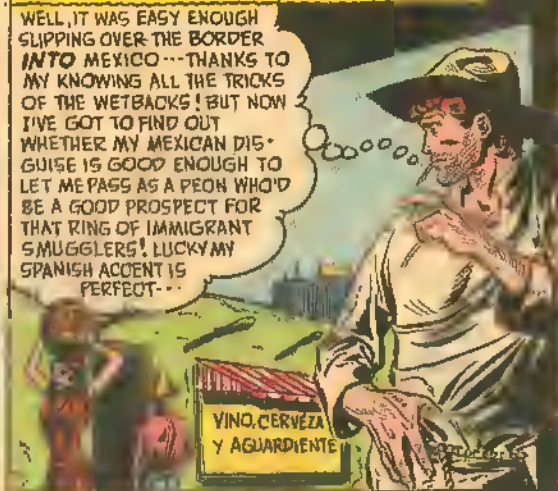
YOU'RE **WRONG**, WINTHROP...WHAT YOU OVERHEARD ABOUT THAT MAN FROM RUSSIA **CLINCHES** IT! WE'LL ROUND UP THAT GANG OF SPIES BY KEEPING A CLOSE CHECK ON EVERY SUSPECTED **RED** IN NEW MEXICO!

IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, SIR, I THINK YOU'RE **WRONG**! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ON THE BORDER PATROL, I THINK I KNOW THE MEXICAN MIND...AND I KNOW THEY TRUST ONLY THEIR **OWH** KIND! I INTEND DOING A LITTLE INVESTIGATING, TOO...AND I'LL **PROVE** THAT NONE OF THE WETBACKS WOULD WORK FOR THE REDS...OR I'LL **DIE TRYING**!



**NEXT DAY**, IN THE SLEEPY MEXICAN BORDER TOWN OF CIUDAD JUÁREZ, JUST ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE...

WELL, IT WAS EASY ENOUGH SLIPPING OVER THE BORDER **INTO** MEXICO...THANKS TO MY KNOWING ALL THE TRICKS OF THE WETBACKS! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHETHER MY MEXICAN DISGUISE IS GOOD ENOUGH TO LET ME PASS AS A PEON WHO'D BE A GOOD PROSPECT FOR THAT RING OF IMMIGRANT SMUGGLERS! LUCKY MY SPANISH ACCENT IS PERFECT...



AH, TRULY THE GODDESS OF FORTUNE HAS TURNED HER FACE AGAINST ME, POOR MANUEL ZORILLA! HERE I HAVE WALKED ALL THESE WEARY MILES FROM OJOCALIENTE, IN THE FAR-OFF PROVINCE OF ZACATECAS...JUST TO CROSS OVER INTO LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS...INTO AMERICA...WHERE I HEAR THE MONEY, SHE DROPS FROM THE SKIES! AND WHAT DO I FIND WHEN I GET HERE...?



...THE YANKEES, THEY DO NOT LET ME ACROSS UNLESS I HAVE ENOUGH DINERO TO SUPPORT MYSELF! NAH, IF ONLY THEY WOULD LET ME CROSS THE RIVER AND HOLD OUT MY SOMBRERO TO CATCH ALL THE PEGOS THAT I HAVE HEARD FALL FROM THE HEAVENS, THEN I WOULD BE ABLE TO LIVE!

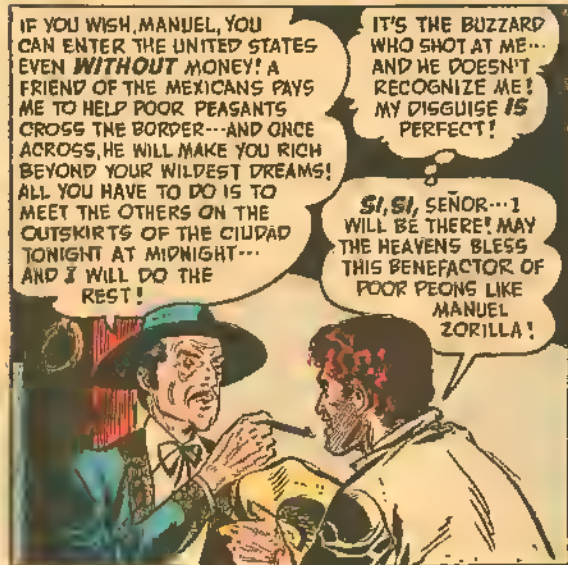
**PSS!**  
HOMBRE...  
MANUEL...  
COME  
HERE!



IF YOU WISH, MANUEL, YOU CAN ENTER THE UNITED STATES EVEN **WITHOUT** MONEY! A FRIEND OF THE MEXICANS PAYS ME TO HELP POOR PEASANTS CROSS THE BORDER...AND ONCE ACROSS, HE WILL MAKE YOU RICH BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO MEET THE OTHERS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CIUDAD TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT...AND I WILL DO THE REST!

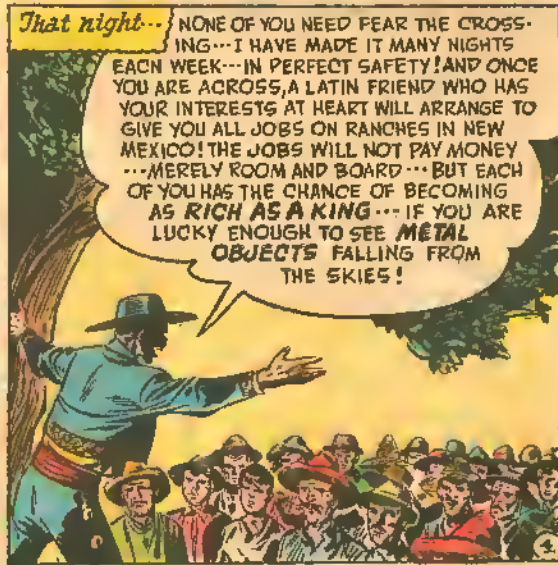
IT'S THE BUZZARD WHO SHOT AT ME...AND HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME! MY DISGUISE IS PERFECT!

**SI, SI, SEÑOR**...I WILL BE THERE! MAY THE HEAVENS BLESS THIS BENEFACTOR OF POOR PEONS LIKE MANUEL ZORILLA!



*That night...*

NONE OF YOU NEED FEAR THE CROSSING...I HAVE MADE IT MANY NIGHTS EACH WEEK...IN PERFECT SAFETY! AND ONCE YOU ARE ACROSS, A LATIN FRIEND WHO HAS YOUR INTERESTS AT HEART WILL ARRANGE TO GIVE YOU ALL JOBS ON RANCHES IN NEW MEXICO! THE JOBS WILL NOT PAY MONEY...MERELY ROOM AND BOARD...BUT EACH OF YOU HAS THE CHANCE OF BECOMING **AS RICH AS A KING**...IF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE **METAL OBJECTS** FALLING FROM THE SKIES!





ALL YOU NEED DO IS PICK UP SUCH METAL OBJECTS! AND THEN YOU MUST KEEP YOUR FINDING A CAREFUL SECRET, AND DELIVER IT ONLY TO A MAN DRESSED LIKE ME---WHO WILL MAKE THE ROUNDS OF ALL THE RANCHES EVERY DAY! FOR EACH SUCH OBJECT YOU FIND, YOU WILL RECEIVE **5,000 PESOS!**

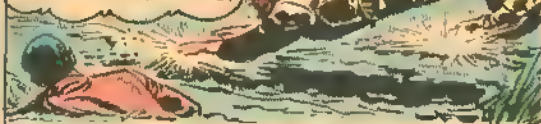


THAT IS MORE MONEY THAN I DREAMED EVER EXISTED... WE WILL DO ANYTHING THIS RICH FRIEND OF THE MEXICANOS ASKS OF US!

GOOD! THEN YOU MUST ALL SAY NOTHING TO **ANYONE** ABOUT THIS...FOR THERE ARE EVIL AMERICANOS WHO WILL WISH TO STOP YOU FROM GETTING YOUR **5,000 PESOS!** ALL YOU SHOULD TELL ANYONE IS THAT YOU ARE BEING BEFRIENDED BY A MAN FROM **RUSSIA!** AND NOW---**INTO THE RIO GRANDE!**



THE MASTERMIND BEHIND THIS PLOT IS EVEN SHREWERD THAN I THOUGHT... HE SECURES A VAST SOURCE OF MAN-POWER, AND PROBABLY EVEN MAKES MONEY ON THEM WHILE HE HIRES THEM OUT TO WORK FOR MEKE ROOM AND BOARD! HE'S JUST TAKING ADVANTAGE OF ALL THESE POOR PEONS WHO ARE WILLING TO WORK HARD WITHOUT PAY...AS LONG AS THERE'S THE PROSPECT OF BIG MONEY FOR THE LUCKY ONES WHO FIND THE FALLING INSTRUMENTS!



AND \$500 IS **CHEAP** FOR THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF INFORMATION THEY CAN GET FROM THOSE INSTRUMENTS! BUT SOMEHOW, I FEEL THAT SOMETHING'S **WRONG!** THE CONTACTS WITH THE SPY RING ARE APPARENTLY ALL LATIN AMERICANS, AND THAT'S WHY THE MEXICANS TRUST THEM-- BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY ANY LATIN WOULD BE WILLING TO WORK FOR A RED FROM RUSSIA!



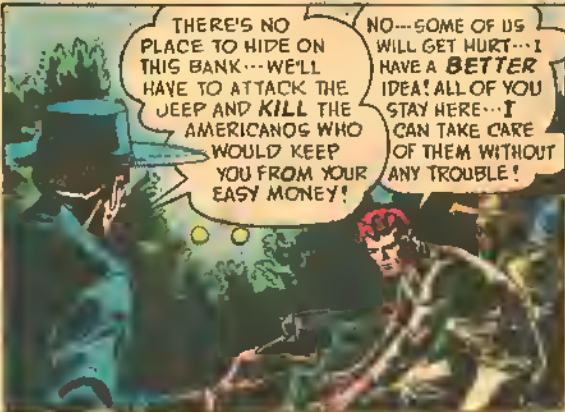
WAIT...A MAN FROM **RUSSIA**... I THINK I HAVE IT!

LOOK... HEADLIGHTS... AN AMERICANO JEEP! IT IS THE YANKEE BORDER PATROL...TAKE COVER!



THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE ON THIS BANK...WE'LL HAVE TO ATTACK THE JEEP AND **KILL** THE AMERICANOS WHO WOULD KEEP YOU FROM YOUR EASY MONEY!

NO---SOME OF US WILL GET HURT...I HAVE A **BETTER** IDEA! ALL OF YOU STAY HERE...I CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!



YOU FOOL... COME BACK HERE!

YANKEES... STOP! THE ROAD...SHE IS WASHEO OUT AHEAD!





LOOK... HE WAVES  
HIS HANDS IN THE  
AIR AS IF HE **ARGUES**  
WITH THE AMERICANOS  
...TRULY HE IS  
**BRAVE!**

BRAVE... OK  
**CUNNING!**  
WHAT CAN  
HE BE TELL-  
ING THEM?



**Suddenly...**



**NO ONE SHALL  
STAND IN THE WAY  
OF MANUEL  
ZORILLA'S  
RICHES!**

MANUEL OJO IT!  
THE YANKEES ARE  
OVERPOWERED...  
AND NONE OF US  
ARE HURT!

YES... BUT  
HE DID IT TOO  
**EASILY!**



THE AMERICANS HAD GUNS... WHY DIDN'T THEY  
USE THEM? AND NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, I'VE  
SEEN THAT PEON'S FACE SOMEWHERE... **BEFORE**  
I MET HIM IN THE SALOON IN CIUDAD JUAREZ!  
**POR DIOS, I WILL KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE ON**  
THIS MANUEL ZORILLA... UNTIL I AM SURE  
OF HIM!

**COME, HOMBRES...**  
TO THE TRUCK THAT  
AWAITS US!

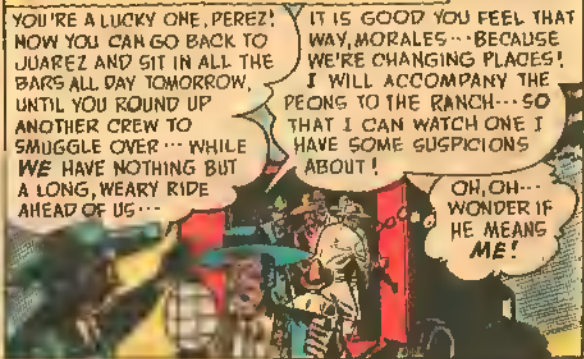


**A** HALF HOUR LATER, IN A SECLUDED GROVE...

YOU'RE A LUCKY ONE, PEREZ!  
NOW YOU CAN GO BACK TO  
JUAREZ AND SIT IN ALL THE  
BARS ALL DAY TOMORROW,  
UNTIL YOU ROUND UP  
ANOTHER CREW TO  
SMUGGLE OVER... WHILE  
WE HAVE NOTHING BUT  
A LONG, WEARY RIDE  
AHEAD OF US...

IT IS GOOD YOU FEEL THAT  
WAY, MORALES... BECAUSE  
WE'RE CHANGING PLACES!  
I WILL ACCOMPANY THE  
PEONS TO THE RANCH... SO  
THAT I CAN WATCH ONE I  
HAVE SOME SUSPICIONS  
ABOUT!

OH, OH...  
WONDER IF  
HE MEANS  
**ME!**



SEÑOR PEREZ--TELL US  
...WHERE IS THIS WONDER-  
FUL PLACE WE ARE GOING  
TO, WHERE WE HAVE ONLY  
TO HOLD OUR SOMBREROS  
OUT TO BECOME  
RICH?

IT IS NEAR THE TOWN  
OF ALAMOGORDO!...  
HERE, PASS OUT THESE  
IMMIGRATION PERMITS  
AMONG YOURSELVES!  
IF ANY AMERICANO  
QUESTIONS YOU, MERELY  
SHOW HIM YOUR PERMIT  
...PROVIDED BY YOUR  
FRIEND FROM  
**RUSSIA!**



**FINALLY, AFTER A WEARY RIDE ACROSS THE ORGAN RANGE  
MOUNTAINS AND THE OTERO DESERTS...**

LOOKS LIKE A GOOD  
CREW! ARE YUH THE  
HOMBRE I PAY FER  
BRINGIN' 'EM?

SI, SEÑOR... BUT  
PLEASE... NOT HERE!  
LET US NOT TRAN-  
SACT OUR BUSINESS  
OUT HERE IN THE  
OPEN!

HMM, I'D  
BETTER TRY  
TO LISTEN IN  
ON THAT CON-  
FAB... IT OUGHT  
TO GIVE ME  
MORE OF AN  
IDEA OF HOW THIS  
PLOT WORKS!





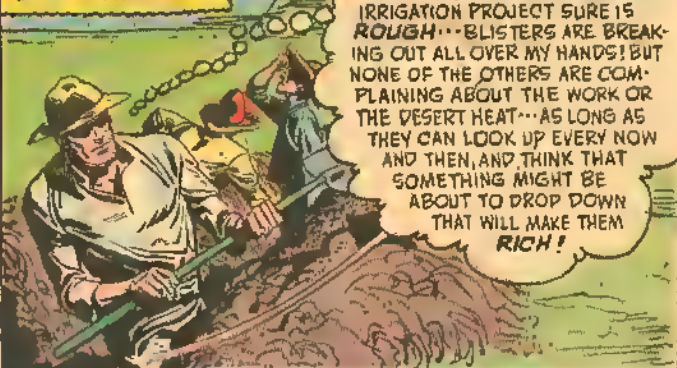
I DON'T KNOW HOW YUH HOMBRES KIN GET THESE MEN TUH WORK FER NO PAY, JEST FER ROOM AN' BOARD... BUT AS LONG AS THEY'RE ALL LEGAL IMMIGRANTS, I DON'T CARE **HOW** YUH DO IT! HERE'S THE MONEY FER THIS SHIPMENT!

GRACIAS, SEÑOR! SI, THEY ALL HAVE IMMIGRATION PERMITS... AND ALSO A PRIVATE CONTRACT WITH MY LABOR SUPPLY FIRM! I WILL BE AROUND EVERY DAY TO TALK TO THE LABORERS AND MAKE SURE ALL IS WELL WITH THEIR WORK! BUT PLEASE REMEMBER... THEY WILL WORK WELL ONLY OUT IN THE **DESERT!**

THE DIRTY VULTURES! THAT SPY RING IS EVEN MAKING MONEY BY HIRING THESE POOR PEONS OUT... THEY'RE JUST TRADING IN HUMAN TRUST AND BACK-BREAKING TOIL FOR THEIR NEFARIOUS PURPOSES... **AND I AIM TO STOP 'EM!**



**THAT AFTERNOON...**



**WHEN!** THIS DITCH-DIGGING IRRIGATION PROJECT SURE IS **ROUGH**... BLISTERS ARE BREAKING OUT ALL OVER MY HANDS! BUT NONE OF THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING ABOUT THE WORK OR THE DESERT HEAT... AS LONG AS THEY CAN LOOK UP EVERY NOW AND THEN, AND THINK THAT SOMETHING MIGHT BE ABOUT TO DROP DOWN THAT WILL MAKE THEM **RICH!**

**AN HOUR LATER...**

NOW'S THE TIME... THEY'RE ALL BENT DOWN... EXCEPT **ME!**

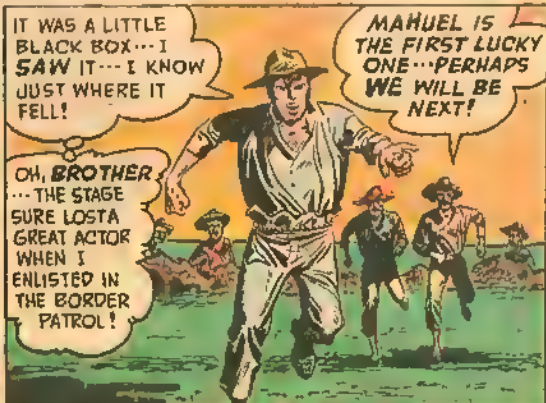
HO... SOMETHING JUST FELL FROM THE HEAVENS... I SAW IT!



IT WAS A LITTLE BLACK BOX... I SAW IT... I KNOW JUST WHERE IT FELL!

OH, BROTHER... THE STAGE SURE LOST A GREAT ACTOR WHEN I ENLISTED IN THE BORDER PATROL!

MAHUEL IS THE FIRST LUCKY ONE... PERHAPS WE WILL BE NEXT!



HERE IT IS... AND LOOK... THERE IS A PIECE OF PAPER INSIDE THE BOX... WITH STRANGE WRITING ON IT!



BUT THE BLACK BOX, MANUEL... WHERE IS IT? SENOR PEREZ MAY WISH TO SEE THAT, TOO!

NO, IT IS THE **PAPER** THAT IS IMPORTANT! COME... IT IS TIME TO RETURN TO THE RANCHO ANYWAY... AND PERHAPS SEÑOR PEREZ WILL VISIT US SOON!





Early next morning...

SEÑOR PEREZ HAS ARRIVED  
---I TOLD HIM THE GREAT  
NEWS!

COME, MANUEL  
---WE WILL GO  
TO A QUIET  
PLACE AND YOU  
WILL SHOW ME  
WHAT YOU  
FOUND!

SI, SEÑOR... I  
HAVE IT RIGHT  
HERE IN MY  
POCKET!

HERE... THIS IS  
WHAT I SAW FALL  
FROM THE HEAVENS!  
DO I GET MY 5,000  
PESOS NOW?

A PIECE OF PAPER  
---IS THAT ALL? DIDN'T  
IT COME IN A BOX OR A  
CYLINDER, AND FLOAT  
DOWN WITH A PARACHUTE?  
WAIT... YOUR  
HANDS...!



YOU HAVE **BLISTERS**...AND  
NO PEON WHO HAS HAD TO  
LABOR WITH HIS HANDS ALL  
HIS LIFE **EVER** HAS  
BLISTERS! **WHO ARE  
YOU?**

AND PEREZ---THIS  
IS AN **ORDINARY**  
PIECE OF PAPER...  
NOT THE RESISTANT  
KIND THAT HIGH-  
ALTITUDE INSTRU-  
MENTS MAKE  
RECORDS ON!  
THIS MAN IS AN  
**IMPOSTER!**

YES...AND A  
**SPY! NOW I**  
REMEMBER  
WHERE I FIRST  
MET THIS---THIS  
**BORDER  
PATROL  
AGENT!**

MIND IF I  
REGISTER A  
**KICK ABOUT**  
BEING FOUND  
OUT?



AND **BLISTERED**  
HANDS OR NOT, A  
BORDER PATROL-  
MAN CAN STILL  
SWING A WICKED  
RIGHT---LIKE  
**THIS!**

DOOF!

POW!





WHEN BORDER PATROLMAN SAM WINTHROP FINALLY REVIVES---

WE'RE LUCKY NO ONE SAW US TIE HIM UP AND THROW HIM IN THE CAR... BUT WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH HIM NOW? GET RID OF HIM?

NO... WE MUST TAKE HIM TO **DON JOSE QUITANA**... OUR LEADER! HE'LL WANT TO QUESTION THE AMERICANO... SINCE NEVER BEFORE HAVE WE HAD A SPY IN OUR MIDST! WE **MUST** LEARN HOW HE FOUND US OUT!



**GOOD!** EVERYTHING'S GOING ACCORDING TO MY PLAN! IT WAS A LONG GAMBLE, BUT IT'LL PAY OFF IF I CAN ONLY OPEN THIS WRISTWATCH... **AHH! GOT IT!**



FINALLY, TWO HOURS LATER...

PEREZ... WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT THIS MISERABLE PEON HERE?

BECAUSE HE'S **NOT A PEON!** HE'S AN AMERICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT--WHO DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A PEON TO **SPY ON US!**



**FOOL**... WHY DID YOU BRING HIM HERE... TO OUR **HEADQUARTERS?** WHAT IF YOU WERE FOLLOWED BY **OTHER AMERICAN AGENTS?**

BUT... BUT WE MADE **SURE** WE WERE NOT FOLLOWED...

YOU **KNOW** YOU CAN DEPEND ON US! DID NOT THE **GENERALISSIMO** HIMSELF SELECT US AS YOUR ASSISTANTS AFTER YEARS OF TRAINING... DID WE NOT FIND THIS SPY WHO COULD HAVE RUINED OUR CAUSE?



AH, YES... MY WORDS WERE SPOKEN TOO HASTILY, PEREZ... I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT THE **DICTATOR OF ESPAÑA** WOULD NOT SEND A FOOL ON A MISSION OF THIS IMPORTANCE! YOU DID WELL TO BRING THE AMERICAN SPY HERE... TAKE HIM INTO THE HOUSE FOR QUESTIONING!



YOUR LAND IS **DOOMED**, AMERICAN--AS SOON AS WE SEND BACK ENOUGH DATA ABOUT YOUR LONG-RANGE ROCKETS AND GUIDED MISSILES TO MY COUNTRY'S DICTATOR! BUT UNLESS YOU WISH TO DIE BEFORE AMERICA IS BOMBED--YOU WILL REVEAL HOW YOU FOUND US OUT!

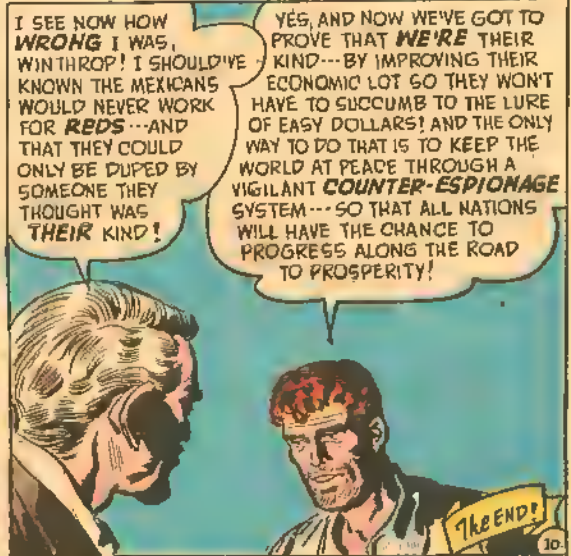
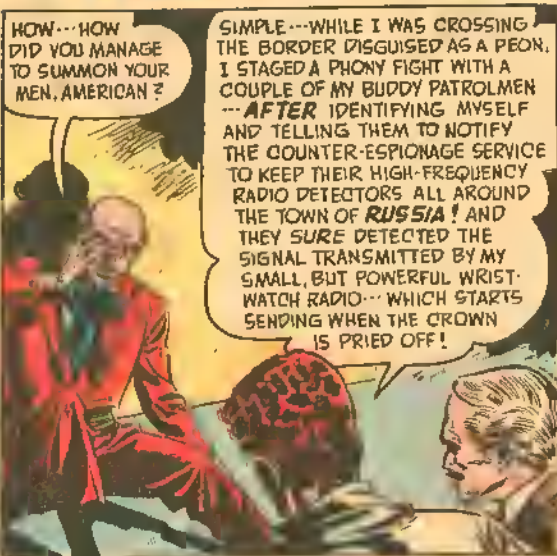
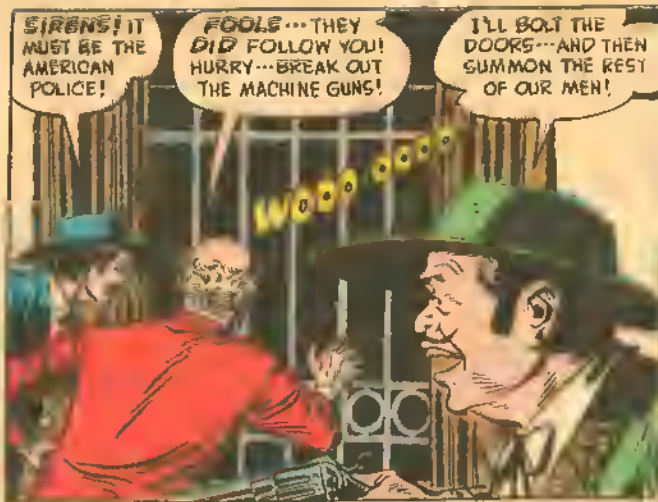
SURE, I'LL TALK, YOU DIRTY FASCIST! I KNEW THE **REDS** WEREN'T BEHIND THIS PLOT--EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE SHREWD ENOUGH TO PICK **RUSSIA, NEW MEXICO**--NOT FAR FROM THE ALAMOGORDO PROVING GROUNDS--AS YOUR **HEAD-QUARTERS!**



ONCE I REMEMBERED THAT THERE WAS A TOWN OF THAT NAME NEAR HERE, I REALIZED WHY YOUR MEN TOLD THE MEXICANS THAT THE MAN BEHIND ALL THIS WAS A FRIEND FROM **RUSSIA!** IF ANY OF THE PEONS YOU HIRED EVER BEGAN TALKING ABOUT IT, YOU HOPED THE U.S. COUNTER-ESPIONAGE CORPS WOULD IMMEDIATELY SUSPECT THE COMMUNISTS AND GO CHASING AFTER A **RED HERRING**--FORGETTING THAT THE MEXICANS WOULD ONLY WORK FOR SOMEONE THEY THOUGHT WAS THEIR **OWN KIND**... LIKE AGENTS OF THE POWER MAD DICTATOR OF **ESPAÑA!** AND TO PROVE THAT I WASN'T FOOLED BY YOUR RUSE **LISTEN!**







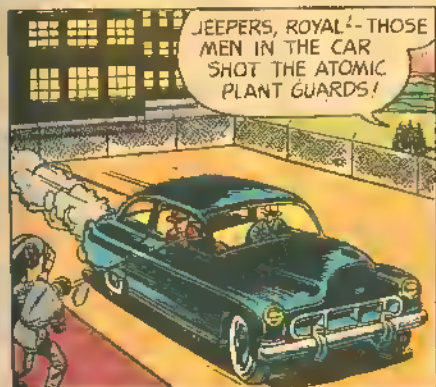


# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE  
ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL!--THOSE  
MEN IN THE CAR  
SHOT THE ATOMIC  
PLANT GUARDS!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS  
AWAY, DEPUTY U. S. ROYAL AND  
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER  
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE  
TOM NOTIFIES THE  
F.B.I....I'M TAKING  
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!



SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY  
ON A BIKE IS  
FOLLOWING  
US! SHOULD  
I PLUG HIM?

NAH...SAVE YOUR  
BULLETS, MUGSY  
... WE'LL LOSE  
HIM-- WE'RE  
DOING 60 NOW!



ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL  
INTO HIS JET-ENGINE... STREAKS  
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR  
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH  
A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!



DROP THAT GUN,  
BUD... YOU WON'T  
NEED IT WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!



WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY  
FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC  
FORMULA-- THANKS TO YOUR  
TERRIFIC SPEED AND  
ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR  
U. S. ROYALS SAVED  
THE DAY AGAIN!



FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...  
FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND  
PERFECT CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT  
U. S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR  
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.  
TRY THEM AND SEE



"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY--  
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U. S.  
ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U. S. ROYAL.

NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO  
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH--WHEN  
YOU'RE RIDING ON U. S. ROYAL  
BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. BE SAFE...  
GET U. S. ROYALS TODAY!



## U. S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# Test by FIRE

THE TWO men carefully edged their way towards each other over the narrow, treacherous mountain trails. When they met, Jules Grover wearily slipped off his Geiger counter and said, "Not a sign of uranium-bearing rocks on the east side of the cliff! Did you have any luck, Bill?"

William Horton shook his head glumly. "Nothing around the west wall---and what's even more bad luck, my Geiger counter fell into the canyon."

Jules looked narrowly at his fellow geologist. "Well, I still have mine---I think I'll wander over to the western rim and see if I can pick up any clicks. There ought to be some uranium around here---the rock structure is perfect for it! Hey---watch it!"

Jules lunged for his Geiger counter, but his outstretched fingers just missed it as it toppled over the edge of the cliff trail and into the canyon below.

"Gosh, I...I'm sorry, Jules," Horton said penitently. "My...my foot just seemed to slip---I didn't mean to kick it over. It's really too bad---now neither of us has a counter! We might as well turn back!"

"I'm not going back yet," Jules said grimly. "at least not until I take a look at the western cliffs. You can stay here if you like."

As he turned away and started going down the trail, Jules caught the faintest trace of a smirk on Horton's face. "Well, I think I'll just go along to keep you company---but I can't see what you expect to do there without a Geiger counter!"

Walking towards the west wall of the

cliff, Jules began to understand why the Counter-espionage Service had assigned him to team up with Horton, the U. S. Geological Survey's most recent recruit. Horton had been assigned the most promising uranium-bearing areas, but had failed to report a single find. And when another geologist had checked up on one of Horton's areas, and found some small uranium deposits that Horton had neglected to report, Jules had been assigned to watch Horton.

Now, at the west wall, Jules took out his camping pick and chopped out a small, likely-looking rock. While Horton watched in bewilderment, he placed the rock on the small portable camping heater he took out of his pack, and began to warm it. Within a few minutes, the rock began to glow with a bright, white light---and continued to glow even after being taken off the heater.

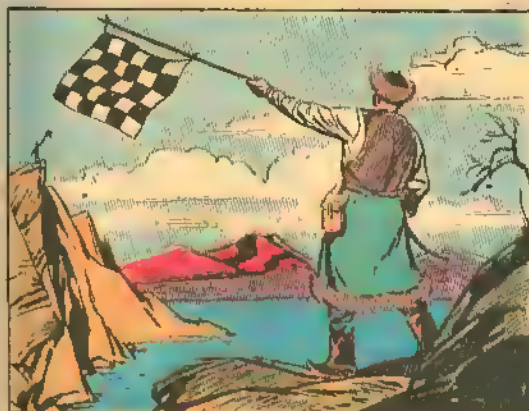
A moment later, Horton was staring in even greater astonishment at the gun Jules trained on him. "Too bad you forgot about *thermoluminescence*, Horton," Jules said, grinning. "You should have remembered that uranium-bearing rocks give off light when they're heated, even when uranium is present in less than one part in a million. This is an even more sensitive test for radio-activity than my Geiger counter, which you *purposely* kicked over---mistakenly thinking that you could prevent me from learning about the uranium deposit you found---and weren't going to report! And unless I'm mistaken, when I get you back to town, you're going to be telling us a lot about the ring of geologist-spies who have infiltrated into the Geological Survey personnel---and who have been mapping out unreported uranium finds which a network of foreign agents have been planning to mine in secret!"



# MONGOL SPIES



GENGHIS KHAN...A NAME THAT MADE BRAVE MEN TREMBLE THROUGHOUT ALL EUROPE AND ASIA IN THE 13TH CENTURY! BUT WHAT THE MEDIEVAL WORLD DIDN'T REALIZE AT THE TIME WAS THAT THE KHAN'S MONGOL HORDES OWED THEIR VAST SUCCESS TO A BRILLIANT ESPIONAGE SERVICE...WHOSE TECHNIQUES WERE AS MODERN AS THOSE USED BY SPIES OF TODAY! YES, OVER 700 YEARS AGO, MODERN SPIES FROM MEDIEVAL ASIA HELPED THE MONGOLS CONQUER ALL OF ASIA AND CENTRAL EUROPE...THE GREATEST EMPIRE EVER KNOWN!



THE MONGOL SPY SYSTEM WAS VAST AND INTRICATE...AND AMAZINGLY UP-TO-DATE! THEY EVEN SENT BACK SECRET CODED INTELLIGENCE REPORTS BY MEANS OF BLACK AND WHITE SIGNAL FLAGS...A METHOD OF COMMUNICATION WHICH WAS COPIED BY MODERN NAVIES!

SEVEN CENTURIES BEFORE THE FASCIST DICTATORS LEARNED THE VALUE OF PROPAGANDA, THE WILY ORIENTALS WERE SENDING PAID RUSSIAN AGENTS INTO CENTRAL EUROPE TO SPREAD FEAR, DISMAY AND CONFUSION AMONG THE MEDIEVAL PEOPLES...AND SO PREPARE THEM FOR THE COMING CONQUEST!

I HAVE SEEN THEM...HORDES UPON HORDES OF MONGOL ARMIES! RESISTANCE IS USELESS...ALL WHO OPPOSE THEM ARE SLAUGHTERED MERCILESSLY!

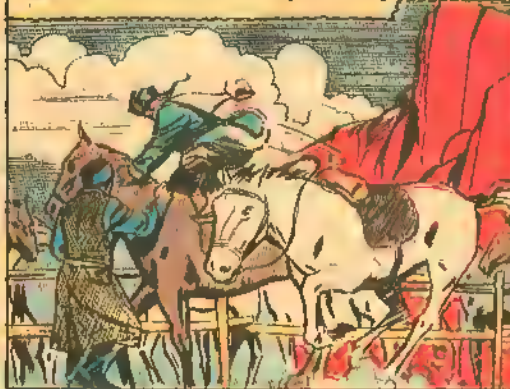
WE... WE HAD BETTER OFFER NO RESISTANCE... PERHAPS THEY WILL SPARE OUR LIVES!



GENGHIS KHAN WAS CENTURIES AHEAD OF HIS TIME IN HIS TECHNIQUES OF RAPID COMMUNICATION...AND AS A MEANS OF TRANSMITTING INTELLIGENCE REPORTS FROM THE MOST DISTANT POINTS OF HIS VAST REALM, HE DEVELOPED THE YAM...OR PONY EXPRESS POST...WITH 10,000 SUCH HORSE POSTS DOTTING THE NEW MILITARY ROADS AND OLD CARAVAN ROUTES OF ASIA, THE KHAN WAS KEPT WELL INFORMED!



300,000 FLEET HORSES WERE KEPT ALWAYS AVAILABLE FOR USE OF THESE MEDIEVAL PONY EXPRESS RIDERS! A SINGLE POSTRIDER COULD DO 1500 MILES IN TEN DAYS, RIDING AT FULL GALLOP AND CHANGING HIS MOUNT EVERY 25 MILES! MARCO POLO CLAIMED HE HAD FOUND RIDERS WHO COULD DO 400 MILES IN ONE DAY!





AS A RESULT OF THIS SUPER-INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM, THE MONGOL GENERALS WERE ABLE TO TIME AND SYNCHRONIZE THEIR ATTACKS WITH PANZER-LIKE PERFECTION---ENABLING THEM, FOR EXAMPLE, TO ANNIHILATE THE SILESIAN ARMY ONE DAY---AND THE HUNGARIAN ARMY THE NEXT!

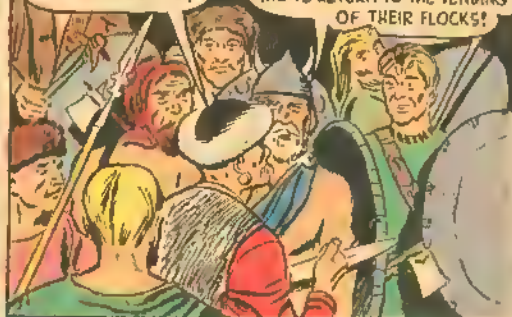


GENERAL SUBUTAI WAS THE WILDEST OF ALL THE MONGOLS---AND A MASTER IN ALL THE TRICKS OF FALSE PROPAGANDA AND ESPIONAGE! HIS FAVORITE TRICK WAS TO RIDE INTO AN ENEMY ENCAMPMENT AND PRETEND TO HAVE DESERTED FROM A MONGOL KHAN---

WELCOME...

ALL THE MONGOLS ARE RETREATING EASTWARD--- BUT I LEFT THEM, HOPING TO JOIN ONE OF YOUR TARTAR CLANS!

YOU BRING US GOOD NEWS! NOW THAT THE MONGOLS HAVE LEFT, OUR GUARDS CAN ONCE MORE RETURN TO THE TENDING OF THEIR FLOCKS!



BUT AT NIGHT, AFTER SPYING OUT THE TARTAR CAMP'S LAYOUT, SUBUTAI WOULD GIVE A SIGNAL---AND THE MAIN BODY OF HIS TROOPS WOULD DESCEND FROM THE HILLS TO WIPE OUT THE ENEMY CAMP!



WHEREVER SHEER FORCE OF ARMS COULD NOT WIN A BATTLE, THE WILY MONGOL GENERALS RESORTED TO ESPIONAGE AND CUNNING TO TURN THE TIDE IN THEIR FAVOR! FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN GENERAL CHEPE WAS UNSUCCESSFULLY BESIEGING A CATHAYAN CITY--

I LEARNED MUCH WHILE I WAS SPYING IN THE CITY, SIRE---THE FORTIFICATIONS ARE IMPREGNABLE---BUT THE GARRISON HAS BEEN ILL-PAID AND IS HUNGRY FOR PLUNDER!

EXCELLENT... YOU WILL BE WELL PAID FOR YOUR SPYING! BUT MEANWHILE, WE WILL ALSO TEMPT THE GARRISON WITH PLUNDER! I WILL ORDER THE ARMY TO RETREAT---WHILE ABANDONING OUR BAGGAGE TRAIN IN FRONT OF THE CITY!



BUT WHEN THE GREEDY GARRISON SWARMED OUT OF THEIR IMPREGNABLE CITY TO PLUNDER THE ABANDONED BAGGAGE TRAIN, THE MONGOLS STEALTHILY RETURNED---AND SWIFT DOWN ON THE UNSUSPECTING CATHAYANS!

THEY FEED ON OUR SUPPLIES LIKE VULTURES---BUT SOON OUR SWORDS WILL BE FEEDING ON THEM! ...CHARGE!



FROM EVERY CORNER OF EUROPE AND ASIA CAME ADVENTURERS SEEKING TO JOIN THE FAMED MONGOL ESPIONAGE SERVICE---AND TO SHARE IN THE PLUNDER OF CONQUEST! THIS VAST, POLYGLOT STREAM OF SPIES IS UNMATCHED IN ALL HISTORY---AND CAN BE GIVEN CREDIT FOR MANY MONGOL MILITARY TRIUMPHS!

THE END

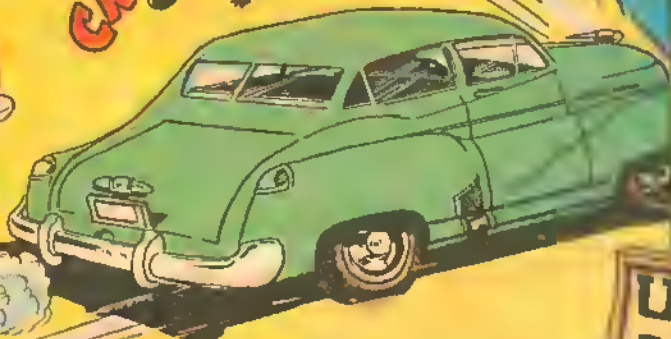
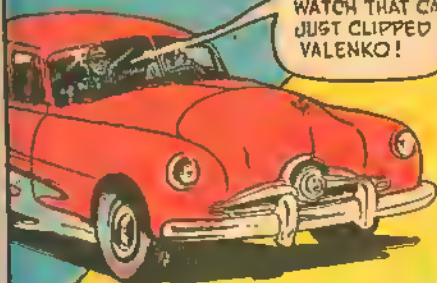


# JONATHAN KENT...

**ESPIONAGE ACE**

GREAT GUNS, KENT...  
WATCH THAT CAR! IT'S  
JUST CLIPPED  
VALENKO!

**CRASH!**



US  
23

CAN EVEN THE CLEVEREST SPY COPY THE BURNED NOTES  
OF AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST... COPY THEM WORD FOR WORD,  
AFTER THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS ARE REDUCED TO ASHES?  
LEARNING WHETHER IT **COULD** HAPPEN... AND **HOW**...  
IS THE CORE OF JONATHAN KENT'S LATEST CASE,  
WHICH LEADS HIM FROM A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE TO  
A MYSTERIOUS FACTORY IN TROPICAL AFRICA!

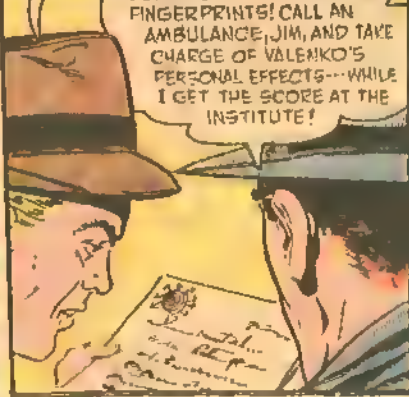
TOUGH BREAK FOR VALENKO,  
JIM! AND A TOUGH ONE FOR US,  
TOO... AFTER TRAILING HIM FROM  
THE COLUMBIA INSTITUTE OF  
TECHNOLOGY!

YEP! I HAD MY  
HEART SET ON  
LEARNING WHAT  
A SLAVONIAN  
CONSULAR  
ATTACHE WOULD  
BE DOING  
**THERE!**

I THINK YOU'LL  
GET A ROUGH  
IDEA, CHUM!  
**TAKE A LOOK  
AT THESE  
PAPERS!**

**WOW! HANDWRITTEN NOTES ON PLU-  
TONIUM FISSION AND ATOMIC ENERGY!  
SOMEONE OVER AT THE INSTITUTE  
NEEDS CHECKING  
...FAST!**

THAT HEAVY BLACK  
SCRAWL IS ABOUT AS  
DEFINITE AS A FULL SET OF  
FINGERPRINTS! CALL AN  
AMBULANCE, JIM, AND TAKE  
CHARGE OF VALENKO'S  
PERSONAL EFFECTS... WHILE  
I GET THE SCORE AT THE  
INSTITUTE!





**MINUTES  
LATER...**

SO FAR, EVERYTHING'S ON THE SURFACE! BUT I'VE LEARNED THAT WHEN A CASE **STARTS** THAT WAY THERE'S GENERALLY A HIGH-VOLTAGE SURPRISE AT THE OTHER END!

409  
ORDS

DR. CARLOS  
AVILA  
DIRECTIONS  
ATOMIC  
RESEARCH

**DR. AVILA?** I'M JONATHAN KENT, OF THE COUNTERESPIONAGE SERVICE! AM I ON THE BEAM IN GUESSING THOSE PAPERS ARE IMPORTANT?

**BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?**

WE'LL GO INTO THAT LATER! WHAT I WANT TO DO **NOW** IS RUN THROUGH YOUR PERSONNEL FILES--AND MATCH THE HAND-WRITING!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! I WROTE THOSE NOTES--**AND I'LL SWEAR I BURNED THEM TWO DAYS AGO!**

YOU'RE NOT GIVING YOURSELF MUCH OF AN OUT, DOCTOR! IF YOU COULD SWEAR THEY WERE **STOLEN**--OR EVEN CRUMPLED AND THROWN IN A WASTE PAPER BASKET--IT **MIGHT** EXPLAIN HOW THEY GOT INTO THE BRIEF CASE OF A SLAVONIAN DIPLOMAT!

LOOK HERE, KENT! I MAY BE CRAZY--BUT I'M NOT A LIAR...

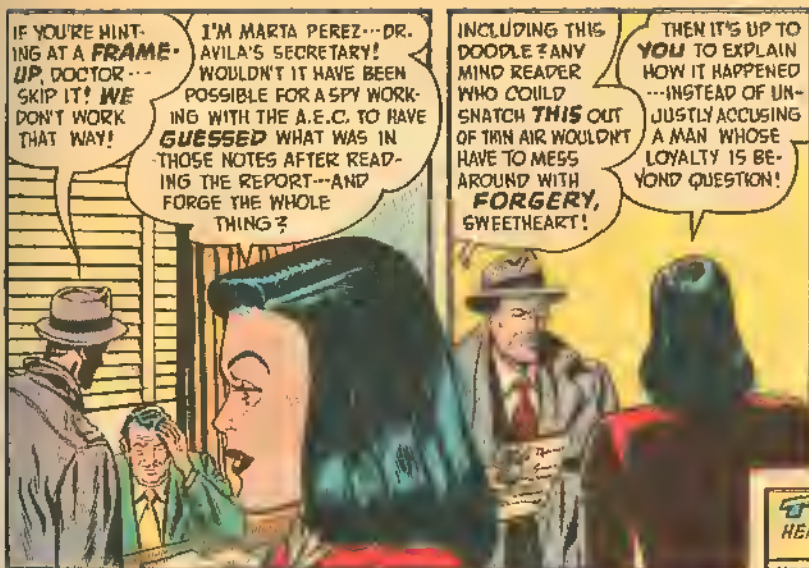
**...AND I'M NOT A SPY!**

MAYBE NOT, CHUM BUT DON'T FORCE ME TO **HANDLE** YOU LIKE ONE!

**OW-WW!**

SORRY I LOST MY HEAD, KENT BUT I'M ONLY HUMAN! I JOTTED DOWN THOSE NOTES WHILE DRAWING UP A REPORT FOR THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION! NO ONE SAW THEM BUT MYSELF--THEY NEVER LEFT MY POSSESSION--AND I **STILL** SAY I DESTROYED THEM AFTER THE DETAILED REPORT WAS WRITTEN! BE REASONABLE--CAN'T YOU SEE **I'M** THE ONE WHO HAS GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION?





IF YOU'RE HINTING AT A **FRAME-UP**, DOCTOR... SKIP IT! **WE** DON'T WORK THAT WAY!

I'M MARTA PEREZ... DR. AVILA'S SECRETARY! WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE FOR A SPY WORKING WITH THE A.E.C. TO HAVE **GUESSED** WHAT WAS IN THOSE NOTES AFTER READING THE REPORT... AND FORGE THE WHOLE THING?

INCLUDING THIS DOODLE? ANY MIND READER WHO COULD SNATCH **THIS** OUT OF THIN AIR WOULDN'T HAVE TO MESS AROUND WITH **FORGERY**, SWEETHEART!

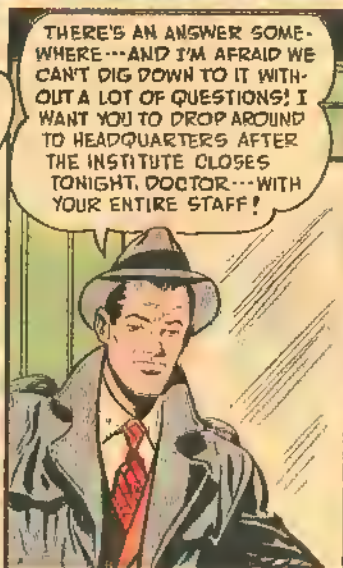
THEN IT'S UP TO **YOU** TO EXPLAIN HOW IT HAPPENED... INSTEAD OF UNJUSTLY ACCUSING A MAN WHOSE LOYALTY IS BEYOND QUESTION!

WONEY... **WHO'S ACCUSING?** ALL I'M TRYING TO ESTABLISH IS WHETHER THESE PAPERS WRITTEN BY DR. AVILA CAN BE CONSIDERED **EVIDENCE**... AND JUST BETWEEN US... I **DON'T THINK SO!**



IS THIS A FRESH **BLOTTER**, DOCTOR? I DON'T SEE ANY **INK MARKS!**

A **BLOTTER IMPRESSION** ISN'T THE ANSWER, KENT! I KNOW THE RISK OF USING **BLOTTERS**... AND **THIS** ONE HAS BEEN ON MY DESK FOR MONTHS!



THERE'S AN ANSWER SOMEWHERE... AND I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T DIG DOWN TO IT WITHOUT A LOT OF QUESTIONS! I WANT YOU TO DROP AROUND TO HEADQUARTERS AFTER THE INSTITUTE CLOSES TONIGHT, DOCTOR... WITH YOUR ENTIRE STAFF!



**THAT NIGHT... AT COUNTERESPIONAGE HEADQUARTERS...**

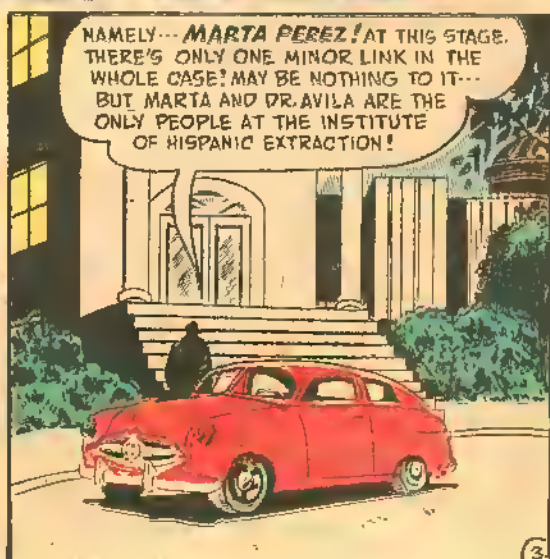
HERE'S ALL WE FOUND ON VALENKO, KENT! TRANSLATING SECTION SAYS THERE'S A MEMO READING, "**PICK UP AVILA PAPERS AT INSTITUTE!**"

BUT NO MENTION OF WHO HANDED THEM OVER, EN? LET'S SEE WHAT THE CHIEF WANTS, JIM!



THE INSTITUTE STAFF'S READY, KENT! WE CLAMPED DOWN TIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT THERE... TO MAKE SURE THERE'D BE NO TIPOFFS VIA PHONE OR ANY OTHER WAY! WANT TO TAKE OVER?

NOT HERE, CHIEF! WHILE THEIR BACKGROUND AND OTHER DETAILS ARE BEING CHECKED, I'VE GOT SOMETHING **ELSE** IN MIND!



NAMELY... **MARTA PEREZ!** AT THIS STAGE, THERE'S ONLY ONE MINOR LINK IN THE WHOLE CASE! MAY BE NOTHING TO IT... BUT MARTA AND DR. AVILA ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE AT THE INSTITUTE OF HISPANIC EXTRACTION!



MINUTES LATER...

HERE'S THE ADDRESS LISTED  
IN THE PHONE BOOK! NO ONE'S  
HOME, NATURALLY... BUT I WON'T  
MAKE ANY BONES ABOUT USING  
A SKELETON KEY!

I'LL SAY **THIS** ABOUT MARTA  
... **SHE'S** A LOT NEATER  
NUMBER THAN HER  
**APARTMENT!**

SO HERE'S A CHICK WITH CLOTHES  
AND JUNK STREWN ALL OVER THE  
PLACE... AND YET SHE TAKES THE  
TROUBLE TO BURN **THIS!** WHY?

Then... AS  
JONATHAN  
TURNS...

WOOOOSH!

OW!

WAM!

CRASH!

BANG!

OOE!

POW!

CRASH!





WELL, BUD...  
WHAT ABOUT  
IT?

THAT'S JUST WHAT THE  
POLICE WILL BE ASKING,  
MY FRIEND! I'VE GOTTEN  
ALMOST CASUAL ABOUT  
HOLDUPS IN MY BUSINESS  
...BUT IT'S GOING TO BE  
A DIFFERENT STORY IF  
ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO  
**MARTA!**

LET'S SWAP TRADE  
SECRETS! MY  
BUSINESS IS  
**COUNTER-  
ESPIONAGE**  
... WHAT'S  
**YOURS?**

A GOVERNMENT  
AGENT? I CAN'T  
GUESS WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING **HERE**...  
BUT YOU CAN UNDER-  
STAND WHY I'D SUSPECT  
ROBBERY AFTER FIND-  
ING YOU PROWLING IN  
THE DARK! I'M **NILES  
DRUMMOND**... A  
FRIEND OF  
**MARTA'S!**

AND IF **THAT** HAS TO  
BE PROVED... I HAVE  
AN IDENTIFICATION  
CARD RIGHT...

HATE TO BE ABRUPT,  
DRUMMOND, BUT WE  
FIND **ALL** SORTS OF  
THINGS IN LARGE BILL-  
FOLDS INCLUDING  
TEAR GAS CAPSULES AND  
MINIATURE PISTOLS!  
MIND IF I LOOK?



PHOTOGRAPH AND THUMB  
PRINT... ON A MEMBERSHIP  
CARD OF THE FEDERAL  
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION!  
THAT'S YOUR TRADE,  
DRUMMOND?

EXACTLY!  
ANYTHING  
ELSE ON  
YOUR  
MIND?

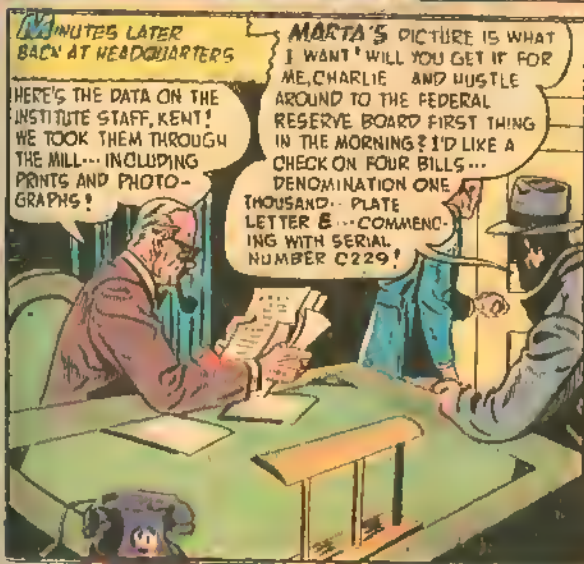


JUST A PERSONAL DE-  
TAIL! DO YOU **ALWAYS**  
CARRY AROUND YOUR  
POCKET MONEY IN  
THOUSAND-  
DOLLAR  
BILLS?



QUITE AN ORDINARY PROCEDURE FOR  
A DEALER IN PRECIOUS STONES! SINCE  
THAT ALSO EXPLAINS THE GUN, I BELIEVE  
THERE'S JUST ONE POINT LEFT IN  
DOUBT... **WHERE'S MARTA?**

AT HEADQUARTERS! HAVE A  
CHAIR, DRUMMOND... I DON'T  
THINK THEY'LL DETAIN HER  
LONG!



**MINUTES LATER**  
BACK AT HEADQUARTERS

HERE'S THE DATA ON THE  
INSTITUTE STAFF, KENT!  
WE TOOK THEM THROUGH  
THE MILL... INCLUDING  
PRINTS AND PHOTO-  
GRAPHS!

**MARTA'S** PICTURE IS WHAT  
I WANT! WILL YOU GET IT FOR  
ME, CHARLIE AND HUSTLE  
AROUND TO THE FEDERAL  
RESERVE BOARD FIRST THING  
IN THE MORNING? I'D LIKE A  
CHECK ON FOUR BILLS...  
DENOMINATION ONE  
THOUSAND... PLATE  
LETTER **B**... COMMEN-  
ING WITH SERIAL  
NUMBER **Q229!**



BEFORE YOU GET THE NOTION YOU'RE  
MAKING PROGRESS, KENT! SUPPOSE  
YOU LOOK OVER THOSE REPORTS? WE'VE  
CROSS CHECKED WITH BOTH  
THE F.B.I. AND THE ATOMIC ENERGY  
COMMISSION AND **EVERYONE**  
AT THE INSTITUTE HAS AN  
**ABSOLUTELY CLEAR  
RECORD!**

LET'S SEE... "**CARLOS  
AVILA**... BORN IN NEW  
MEXICO, 1907. FAMILY  
PROMINENT SINCE SPANISH  
COLONIAL TIMES RATED  
AAA BY F.B.I. FOR ALL  
ATOMIC FISSION AND HYDRO-  
GEN FISSION RESEARCH."  
WELL, ONCE... THAT  
GIVES ME ONE  
ANGLE!

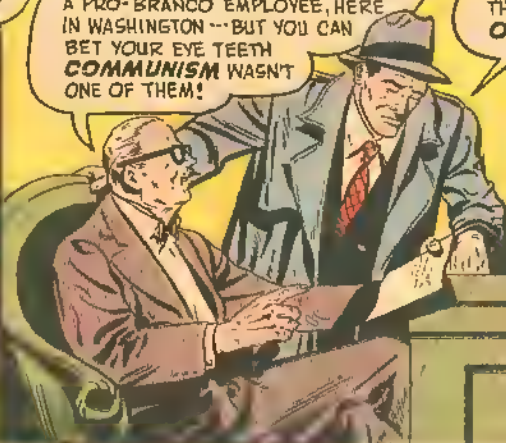




**MARTA PEREZ**... BORN IN BARCELONA, HISPANIA, 1926. PARENTS KILLED DURING CIVIL WAR BOMBING OF VITORIA, NOV., 1937. CAME TO U.S. 1945. NOV., 1946 TO JUNE, 1949, CLERK IN THE OFFICE OF THE HISPANIC CHARGÉ D' AFFAIRES, WASHINGTON...

YOU SEEM TO BE KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT TO BUILD UP A CASE AGAINST THE PEREZ GIRL... BUT PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER! SHE MAY HAVE BEEN MIXED UP IN **PLENTY** OF THINGS AS A PRO-BRANCO EMPLOYEE, HERE IN WASHINGTON... BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR EYE TEETH **COMMUNISM** WASN'T ONE OF THEM!

YEP... THAT'S JUST THE ANGLE I'M WORKING ON! BUT IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR CONTRADICTIONS... DON'T PASS UP THE ONE THAT'S **MOST OBVIOUS!**



DR. AVILA IS AN EXPERT ON BOTH ATOMIC ENERGY AND HYDROGEN FUSION... RIGHT? **ATOMIC** SECRETS THE COMMUNISTS AREN'T WORRYING ABOUT! THEN WHY ALL THIS ELABORATE BUSINESS ABOUT DR. AVILA'S NOTES, WHEN THEY COULD HAVE SAVED THEIR EFFORTS TO LEARN ABOUT SOMETHING THAT **DOES** WORRY THEM... **THE HYDROGEN BOMB?**

H'M...! **THAT** MAKES SENSE!

AND **I'M** MAKING TRACKS! GOT SOME SHOPPING TO DO BEFORE THE STORES CLOSE AT NINE O'CLOCK!

*The following morning...*

THERE'S THE PEDIGREE ON THOSE FEDERAL RESERVE NOTES, KENT!

I'LL NEED BRIEFING ON **NILES DRUMMOND**... GOT THE NAME? KEEP IT STRICTLY UNDER-COVER... AND SEND JIM AROUND TO AVILA'S OFFICE!



**M**INUTES LATER... AT THE INSTITUTE...

SORRY TO HAVE DETAINED YOU PEOPLE LAST NIGHT... AND ESPECIALLY **YOU, DOLL-FACE!** I UNDERSTAND YOU HAD A DATE WITH MR. DRUMMOND!

HOW DARE YOU SEARCH MY APARTMENT? IS **THAT** YOUR IDEA OF LEGAL PROCEDURE, MR. KENT?

NOPE... BUT **THIS IS!** SIT DOWN, HONEY... I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO WRITE!



**I, MARTA PEREZ, HEREBY MAKE THIS STATEMENT OF MY OWN FREE WILL... AM I GOING TOO FAST?**





"... THAT AS A SECRET AGENT OF THE SLAVONIAN GOVERNMENT, I DELIVERED TO VLADIMIR VALENKO CERTAIN NOTES ON ATOMIC FISSION WHICH DR. CARLOS AVILA HAD INSTRUCTED ME TO DESTROY!"



YOU EXPECT ME TO WRITE **THAT**? FIRST YOU ACCUSE DR. AVILA --- AND NOW ME!



I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR HIM, TOO! COME ON, SWEET-HEART --- **WRITE!**



WITH THE FORCED "CONFESSION" WRITTEN---

JUST A MOMENT, KENT! ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE THAT I **LIED** WHEN I TOLD YOU I HAD **PERSONALLY** BURNED THOSE NOTES?



COULD BE... IF YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH OF A YEN FOR MARTA TO WANT TO SHIELD HER! IF THAT'S THE CASE, THIS CONFESSION CLEARS YOU... IF NOT... **IT'S YOUR RAP!**



I'M STICKING TO MY STORY --- MARTA WAS **NEVER** IN POSSESSION OF THOSE PAPERS! YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME FRAMING **HER** WITH A PHONY CONFESSION, KENT!



YOU WORRY ABOUT THE **FUNNIEST** THINGS, DOCTOR! **WATCH! I'LL BURN IT!**



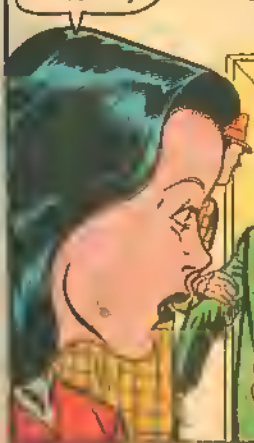
SO THAT'S IT--- BY FORCING ME TO CLEAR MARTA, YOU CORNERED ME INTO CONVICTING **MYSELF!** YOU'D BETTER BE READY TO JUSTIFY SUCH METHODS WITH YOUR SUPERIORS--- BECAUSE I'M GOING TO HEADQUARTERS!



BUT OF COURSE! **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ESPIONAGE!**



THIS IS AN UTTER **OUTRAGE!** WHAT **EVIDENCE** HAVE YOU--- WHAT **PROOF?**



NOT NEARLY AS MUCH AS I'D HAVE IF VALENKO **HADN'T** BEEN KILLED--- BUT ENOUGH! GET LOST, BABY--- I'VE GOT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!





SOON AFTERWARD... AT HEADQUARTERS...

LOOK, KENT... DR AVILA'S BEEN BLOWING HIS TOP! WHAT'S YOUR CASE AGAINST HIM?

**NONE WHAT-  
EVER!** THE ARREST  
WAS JUST A BLIND...  
**SO THAT HE CAN  
HELP ME PIN A  
CASE ON MARTA  
AND NILES  
DRUMMOND!**



**MARTA!** BUT GREAT GUNS, MAN... IF SHE'S GUILTY, WHY DID YOU BURN THAT CONFESSION?

YOU MEAN... THIS?



IT WOULDN'T HOLD WATER ANYWAY... BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE GRAPHIC PROOF AS TO HOW MARTA MANAGED TO DELIVER YOUR **BURNED** NOTES TO A COMMUNIST AGENT! THE ACE OFFICE SUPPLY COMPANY IDENTIFIED HER AS THE GIRL WHO BOUGHT TWO ITEMS RECENTLY... LARGE SHEETS OF EXTRA-SENSITIVE CARBON PAPER, AND OIL-SOLUBLE INK!

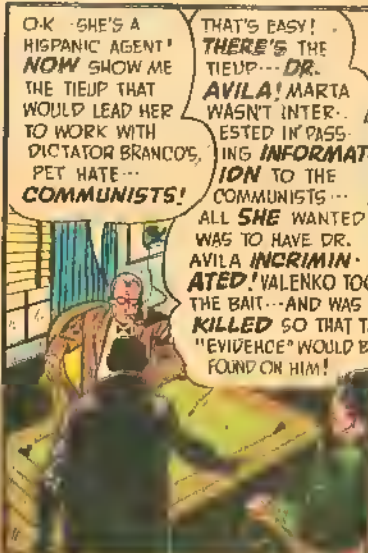
BY PLACING THE CARBON PAPER UNDER YOUR DESK BLOTTER, SHE OBTAINED A SHARP COPY OF YOUR A.E.C. NOTES... THOUGH ANY KIND OF INFORMATION IN YOUR HANDWRITING WOULD HAVE SERVED HER PURPOSE JUST AS WELL! THE SPECIAL INK WAS USED TO TOUCH UP THE CARBON IMPRESSIONS... MAKING THEM ALMOST IDENTICAL TO THE ORIGINALS!



O.K. SHE'S A HISPANIC AGENT! NOW SHOW ME THE TIEUP THAT WOULD LEAD HER TO WORK WITH DICTATOR BRANCO'S PET HATE... **COMMUNISTS!**

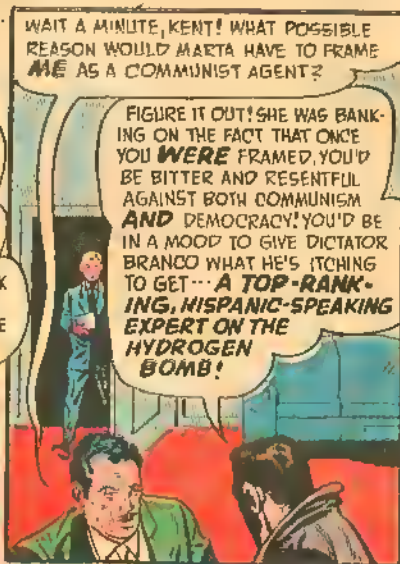
THAT'S EASY! THERE'S THE TIEUP... **DR. AVILA!** MARTA WASN'T INTERESTED IN PASSING INFORMATION TO THE COMMUNISTS...

ALL SHE WANTED WAS TO HAVE DR. AVILA **INCRIMINATED!** VALENKO TOOK THE BAIT... AND WAS **KILLED** SO THAT THE "EVIDENCE" WOULD BE FOUND ON HIM!



WAIT A MINUTE, KENT! WHAT POSSIBLE REASON WOULD MARTA HAVE TO FRAME ME AS A COMMUNIST AGENT?

FIGURE IT OUT! SHE WAS BANKING ON THE FACT THAT ONCE YOU **WERE** FRAMED, YOU'D BE BITTER AND RESENTFUL AGAINST BOTH COMMUNISM AND DEMOCRACY! YOU'D BE IN A MOOD TO GIVE DICTATOR BRANCO WHAT HE'S ITCHING TO GET... **A TOP-RANKING, HISPANIC-SPEAKING EXPERT ON THE HYDROGEN BOMB!**



DON'T BOTHER LOOKING OVER THIS DOPE ON NILES DRUMMOND, KENT. IT'S STRICTLY ROUTINE! EXCEPT THAT HE'S GOT A REP AS A **GLYPHOGRAPHER**... WHATEVER THAT MEANS!

WHILE YOU'RE AT IT... WHAT'S THE ANGLE ON DRUMMOND?



HE'S MR. BIG -- ASSIGNED TO WAIVE A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS IN FRONT OF DR. AVILA AFTER MARTA HAD SOFTENED HIM UP! OUR TRADE ON THAT HIGH-POWERED CURRENCY HE WAS CARRYING SHOWS THAT IT WAS PART OF THE \$25,000,000 LOAN MADE SOME TIME AGO BY THE IMPORT-EXPORT BANK... **TO HISPANIA!**





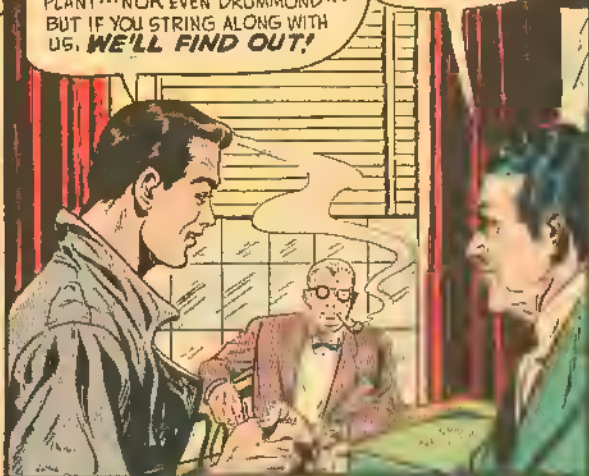
AS I RECALL  
...THAT LOAN  
TO BRANCO  
WAS SUPPOSED  
TO COVER  
INDUSTRIAL  
DEVELOPMENT!

OUTWARDLY, IT PROBABLY **DOES!**  
BUT THE **BIG** INDUSTRIAL PLANT  
BRANCO HAS BUILT... **SOMEWHERE**  
...WAS DESIGNED TO TURN OUT THE  
ONE THING THAT CAN BOTH GIVE  
BRANCO'S WANING POPULARITY  
A BOOST, AND KEEP THE REBEL-  
LIOUS HISPANIC PEOPLE IN  
LINE... **AN H-BOMB!**



THAT'S THE STORY, DOCTOR! I  
DON'T BELIEVE MARTA KNOWS THE  
LOCATION OF THIS ULTRA-SECRET  
PLANT... NOR EVEN DRUMMOND...  
BUT IF YOU STRING ALONG WITH  
US, **WE'LL FIND OUT!**

ALL RIGHT, KENT...  
YOU'VE GOT YOUR  
SELF A DECOY!



**NEXT DAY...**



**A**ND SO MARTA WEAVES THE FIRST STRAND  
OF HER WEB... LITTLE REALIZING THAT IT'S  
A NOOSE, ABOUT TO TIGHTEN AROUND HER  
OWN NECK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MARTA... THESE  
CHARGES AGAINST ME ARE A  
CRIMINAL PLOT! YOU CAN'T  
GUESS HOW MUCH I HATE  
KENT... AND EVERYTHING  
HE STANDS FOR!



THOSE VANDALS HAVE  
SMASHED YOUR ENTIRE CAREER  
... BUT WHY FACE RUIN BY STAYING  
IN THE UNITED STATES? THINK IT  
OVER... I'LL KEEP IN  
TOUCH WITH YOU!



**A WEEK LATER... IN MARTA'S  
APARTMENT...**

I TELL YOU AGAIN,  
MARTA... I'M WILLING TO  
JUMP MY BAIL AND WORK FOR  
BRANCO! BUT I CAN'T GO INTO  
THIS BLIND... I'VE GOT TO  
KNOW **WHERE!**



THAT'S SOMETHING ONLY  
OUR PILOT KNOWS! DRUM-  
MOND WAS GIVEN A COUN-  
TERSIGN THAT WILL HELP  
IDENTIFY US WHEN WE MEET  
THE PLANE... AND HE'S  
COPIED IT IN A FORM  
THAT WILL **NEVER** BE  
DETECTED IN AN  
EMERGENCY! **HERE  
HE COMES NOW!**

EVERYTHING  
READY?

I THINK WE CAN  
COUNT ON DR. AVILA!  
WHAT'S **THAT?**



**CHAMPAGNE...**  
THE FINEST! WE'LL  
DRINK IT WHEN WE'RE  
ABOARD THE PLANE...  
AS A TOAST TO  
GENERALISSIMO  
BRANCO!

WHY NOT SAVE  
IT FOR AN  
**OCCASION,**  
RAT... LIKE YOUR  
TWENTY-FIFTH  
ANNIVERSARY  
BEHIND  
BARS?







LET'S SKIP THE CHAMPAGNE, DRUMMOND... AND CONCENTRATE ON **PUNCH!**



I WOULDN'T, DRUMMOND!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE HELPING KENT? YOU TWO-FACED, DOUBLE-CROSSING DDG!



I WOULDN'T HARM A FLY IN **COLD BLOOD!** BUT MY BLOOD'S **SEETHING** NOW, AVILA... AND YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN WHAT IT MEANS!

TEMPER, TORCHY... TEMPER! THAT'S BAD STUFF FOR A SPY!



CRACK!



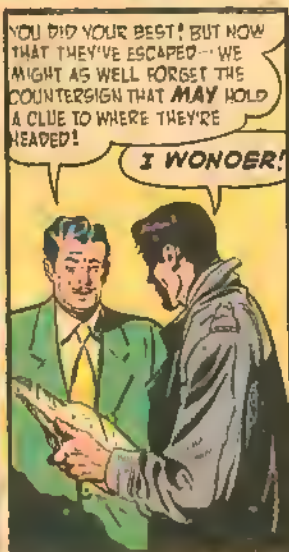
JUST **TOUCH** THAT GUN, AVILA... AND YOU'LL SEE HOW WELL I CAN USE **MINE!**



**SECONDS LATER...**

WELL, DOCTOR... I'M AFRAID I FLUBBED THIS **SOLID!**

BANG!



YOU DID YOUR BEST! BUT NOW THAT THEY'VE ESCAPED... WE MIGHT AS WELL FORGET THE COUNTERSIGN THAT **MAY** HOLD A CLUE TO WHERE THEY'RE HEADED!

I WONDER!



**NEXT DAY...**

THE CHEMICAL SECTION DIDN'T USE MUCH OF THAT CHAMPAGNE FOR THEIR ANALYSIS, CHIEF! ARE YOU SURE THEY TRIED EVERYTHING?

**EVERYTHING, KENT...** CONTENTS, LABEL, AND THE GLASS ITSELF! THEY WANTED TO BE SURE THERE'D BE PLENTY LEFT FOR **YOU...** WHEN YOU DRINK TO A LOST CAUSE!

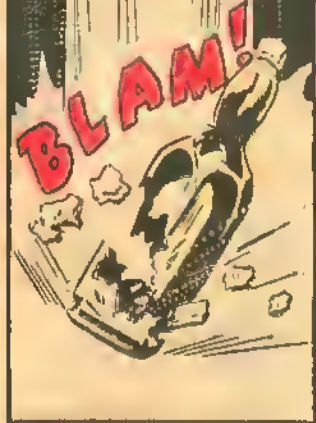


DON'T RUB IT IN  
YET! I NOTICE THERE'S  
STILL QUITE A BIT OF  
CARBONATION... WHICH  
MEANS OUR TEST TUBE  
EXPERTS DIDN'T **EMPTY**  
THE BOTTLE!

WHY BOTHER? DO  
YOU SEE ANYTHING  
IN IT BUT CHAMPAGNE?

**S**UDDENLY...  
THAT'S GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR  
ME! COME  
ON, KENT...  
NEVER MIND  
CHILLING IT!

BLAZES...  
LOOK  
OUT!



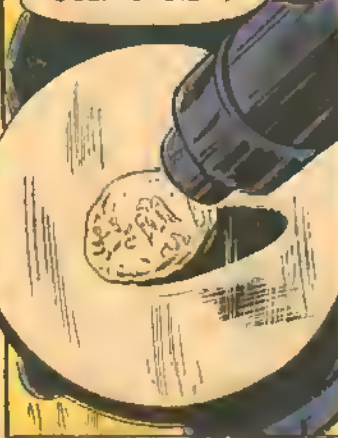
**J**KEK!...JONATHAN REACHES INTO THE PILE OF  
SHIMMERING GLASS!

FIND  
SOME-  
THING?

**P**LENTY! IT'S A  
**HYDROPHANE OPAL**  
...THE ONLY SOLID  
THAT'S COMPLETELY  
INVISIBLE IN TRANS-  
SPARENT LIQUIDS! I  
WANT TO LOOK AT  
**THIS BABY** UNDER  
A LENS!



YEP, CHARLIE...HERE'S GLYPTO-  
GRAPHY AT ITS BEST! IN OTHER  
WORDS, BUD...**GEM CARVING**  
...AND **DRUMMOND'S**  
**COUNTERSIGN!**



IT OBVIOUSLY MEANS **SOMETHING**,  
KENT! BUT IF DRUMMOND HIMSELF  
DIDN'T KNOW THE SIGNIFICANCE OF  
WHAT HE WAS CARVING...HOW WILL  
YOU?

LET'S TAKE A STAB AT IT!  
THE FIRST OBJECT IS A  
**CRAB**...WHAT DOES  
**THAT SUGGEST?**



THE  
ZODIAC?

COULD BE...BUT FOR A  
**LOCATION?** WAIT...  
WHAT ABOUT THE  
**TROPIC OF**  
**CANCER?**



CLEVER...BUT NO DICE!  
THE TROPIC OF CANCER  
PASSES WAY SOUTH OF  
HISPANIA!

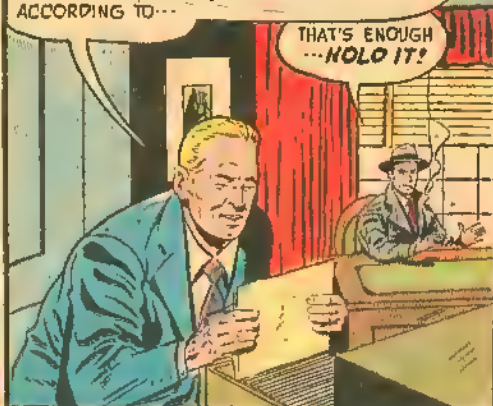
SURE...BUT IT RUNS CLEAN  
THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF **RIO**  
**DE ORO**...WHICH IS A  
**HISPANIC COLONY!**  
CHARLIE...SEE WHAT YOU  
CAN FIND IN OUR FILE ON  
AFRICAN POSSESSIONS!





POPULATION 20,500---IN AN AREA TWO-THIRDS THE SIZE OF HISPANIA---A LARGE NEW CANNING FACTORY, **EMPACADORA CISNEROS**, WAS BUILT IN 1949 IN THE COASTAL TOWN OF VILLA CISNEROS, BUT IS NOT YET IN PRODUCTION---THE CHIEF PRODUCE OF THE COLONY CONTINUES TO BE DATES FROM THE WEST AFRICAN PALM, **PHOENIX DACTYLIFERA**---ACCORDING TO---

THAT'S ENOUGH  
---HOLO IT!



**PHOENIX DACTYLIFERA**---DON'T YOU GET IT? THERE'S THE **PHOENIX**---THE LEGENDARY BIRD SHOWN NEXT TO THE CRAB! AND NEXT TO **THAT** IS A FINGER---**DACTYL**! GOT ANY DOUBTS ABOUT RIO DE ORO NOW, CHIEF?



NOPE---AND NONE ABOUT WHAT BRANCO'S UP TO. EITHER! IMAGINE---DISGUIISING HIS NEW HYDROGEN BOMB PLANT AS A **CANNING FACTORY**---WHEN HISPANIANS ARE THE WORST-FED PEOPLE IN EUROPE!

O.K.--- SUPPOSE I HOP TO VILLA CISNEROS AND START THINGS LOOKING?



GET THAT GLINT OUT OF YOUR EYE, KENT! EXTRADITION OF MARTA AND DRUMMOND IS **OUT**---AND THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR **SABOTAGE**!

QUIT GIVING ME IDEAS! CHARLIE, I WANT YOU TO GET ME A COUPLE OF CASES OF CANNED STUFF---**ANYTHING**! THEN, WHILE I'M CHECKING FLIGHT DATA, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A PRINTER WHO CAN DO A QUICK JOB ON SOME FLASHY LABELS---**IN SPANISH**!



**WITHIN A FEW HOURS---**

BRANCO SURE PLAYED IT SMART, BUILDING HIS H-BOMB PLANT IN A SPARSELY-SETTLED COLONY---BUT DICTATORS HAVE A HABIT OF OVERLOOKING THINGS! IF CONDITIONS ARE BAD IN HISPANIA ITSELF, THEY MUST BE FAR WORSE IN AN ISOLATED PLACE LIKE RIO DE ORO---AND **THAT'S** JUST WHAT I'M COUNTING ON!



**SEVERAL DAYS LATER---IN VILLA CISNEROS---**

**FALTA DE ALIMENTOS** IS ALL THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT---**FOOD SHORTAGE**! POVERTY AND HUNGER ARE WRITTEN ALL OVER THE PLACE!



**SOON AFTERWARD---**

SOME SETUP! EVERYTHING'S READY FOR H-BOMB PRODUCTION---EVERYTHING BUT THE KNOW-HOW OF THE SCIENTIST THEY TRIED TO GET!

KENT!



DRUMMOND---WAIT! I JOINED YOU TO FIGHT FOR A PRINCIPLE---NOT TO **MURDER**! FIRST VALENKO---

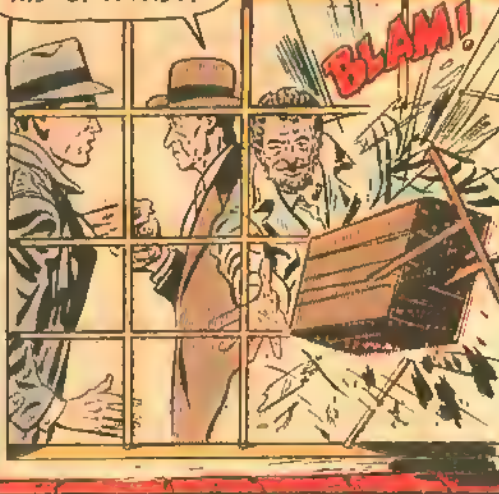
RIGHT! YOU COULDN'T STOP ME THEN---AND **NOTHING'S** STOPPING ME NOW!

INCLUDING **DYNAMITE**, RATZ

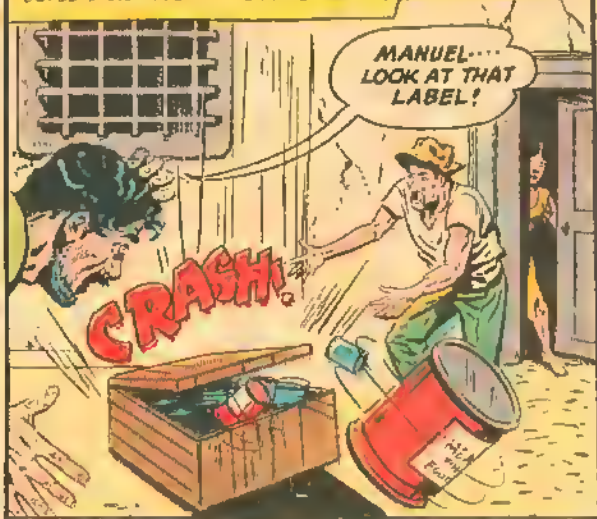




**DYNAMITE! GRAB THAT STUFF, MADERO... GET RID OF IT FAST!**



**OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE... JONATHAN WATCHES THE BOYES SMASH OPEN IN THE STREET BELOW!**



**IF YOU THINK I'M KIDDING, DRUMMOND... WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT KIND OF DYNAMITE FOOD CAN BE AMONG STARVING PEOPLE!**



**Then... IN AN ENRAGED TIDE...**

**THEY TOLD US THE PLANT WASN'T READY TO PRODUCE FOOD... BUT THEY LIED!**

**THEY'VE BEEN SENDING IT ALL TO HISPANIA... WHILE WE STARVE! SMASH THE PLACE... SMASH EVERYTHING!**



**MINUTES LATER... AS JONATHAN CIRCLES OVER THE BLAZING H-BOMB PLANT...**

**WHY DID YOU SAVE MY LIFE, KENT? YOU OF ALL PEOPLE CAN'T UNDERSTAND MY MOTIVES... OR HOW I FEEL ABOUT GENERAL BRANCO!**

**NO, MARTA... BUT I CAN GUESS WHY YOU HATE THE DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT HE OVERTHREW! THE LOYALISTS HAD GOOD REASON FOR BOMBING VICTORIA BACK IN NOVEMBER, 1937... BUT YOUR PARENTS DIED IN THAT RAID!**



**IT'S ALL IN THE PAST NOW... THE CAUSE I THOUGHT WAS RIGHT... THE LIVES I WATCHED SNUFFED OUT! NOW THAT I'M HEADING FOR PRISON... NOTHING WILL EVER TROUBLE ME!**

**BABY, THERE'S ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE! THERE MIGHT EVEN BE ENGINE TROUBLE WHEN I MAKE A DETOUR OVER HISPANIA... DIG ME?**



**FOURS LATER...**

**JONATHAN KENT, YOU MAY NOT HAVE MEANT TO DO IT... BUT YOU'VE SHOWN ME WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS IN TERMS OF HUMAN DECENCY! MAYBE I'LL LEARN MORE... FROM THE UNDERGROUND!**



**BACK IN WASHINGTON...**

**WELL, KENT... THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BOTH THE H-BOMB PLANT AND DRUMMOND! BUT WHILE I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR REASONS FOR LETTING MARTA GO... WHAT IN THUNDER CAN WE SAY IN THIS REPORT?**

**MARTA PEREZ: GROPED OUT OF SIGHT... WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN... CASE CLOSED!**



**THERE'S ANOTHER EXCITING PLOT COMING UP FOR JONATHAN KENT... IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SPY-HUNTERS!**



# Reverse FOR SPIES

**A**LL RIGHT, Lawson," the chief spy grunted out, "you stay up here as lookout while we go down into the cave to dig up that cache of machine guns! Remember---don't get more than fifty feet away from the cave entrance. We ought to be up in about half an hour."

Eli Lawson grimly watched the retreating backs of the spies as they disappeared into the cave, knowing only too well how much America's security depended on him right now. It had taken him months to worm himself into the confidence of the band of suspected spies---and now, when they were about to make their move, he was apparently helpless to thwart them, to prevent them from stealing the plans of America's new atomic submarine.

As soon as they came up from the cave with the arms, they would all set out in the cars and trucks parked near the cave in the rural section of Maryland, and intercept the armored car that was scheduled to leave Washington that night, carrying the submarine plans to the Norfolk Naval Station in Virginia. Eli knew that the Defense Department had no inkling of the plot, and that they would consider one armored car enough protection for the plans. But the spies had drawn their plans cunningly---the trucks would block the road at an isolated section, gasoline grenades would force the guards from the armored car, and the machine guns would wipe them out---and the spies would escape with the plans before any reinforcements could arrive!

And now it was entirely up to Eli Lawson, ace Counter-espionage agent. Eli's agile mind knew that there was only one way for him to thwart the spies. He couldn't hope to overpower them single-handedly--- his only chance was to get to a telephone and put through a call to Washington, telling them to place enough guards around the selected point of interception so that the ambushers could be ambushed. But the cave hideout was four miles from the nearest

house and the nearest telephone---he'd never be able to walk there and back in a half-hour, and if he used one of the cars, the eight-mile increase on the mileage indicator would give him away---and the spies would kill him, call off their plot and wait for another occasion.

If only he could disconnect the odometer cable so the mileage wouldn't register---but no, that would take too long to do a detection-proof job. Wasn't there any other way to prevent the eight miles from registering on the---wait---he had it!

Hastily, Eli got into one of the cars and drove off toward the nearest house.

Luckily, he got back barely a minute before the spies emerged from the cave, carrying the machine-guns. "Everything was okay," Eli said. "No one's been snooping around while you were down there."

"Yeah?" the chief spy snarled. "How would you know? The hood on this car is warm---as if it's just been driven at high speed! Start talkin'---where did you go---who did you tip off?"

Eli assumed a hurt expression as he stared at the gun in the spy's hand. "You got me wrong, chief," he said. "I was here all the time---I was just sitting in the car and running the motor to keep warm! You can look at the mileage indicator to see if I've driven it!"

The spy went into the car while his henchmen covered Eli, and finally came out, grudgingly holstering his gun. "Well, I guess I *did* have you wrong---the mileage is unchanged, and the odometer cable hasn't been tampered with. Everything's okay--- so let's go!"

Riding in the car, Eli knew that a surprise would be waiting for the spies at the interception point---just as he knew that a mileage indicator doesn't change when a car is driven in reverse.



# The SPY WHO BLUFFED A PRINCE

MAYBE IT'S JUST A SHADW I SAW-- BUT SEND A VOLLEY OVER THERE, ANYWAY! ONLY A MADMAN WOULD TRY TO CROSS AN ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED FENCE BORDERED BY A MINE FIELD-- BUT SOMETIMES THOSE ENGLISH AND FRENCH DO CRAZY THINGS!

YES, HERR LEUTNANT, THEY DO-- ESPECIALLY WE SPIES!

"THE ENTIRE GERMAN ARMY SALUTES HER COURAGE!" WROTE GENERAL VON BLISSING DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR --AND HE WAS REFERRING TO THE WOMAN WHOSE CAREER AS AN ALLIED SPY HELPED BRING THE IMPERIAL GERMAN ARMY TO ITS KNEES!

**LOUISE DE BETTIGNIES** MET HER FIRST ADVENTURE ON THE FLAMING FRONTIER BETWEEN HOLLAND AND GERMAN-OCCUPIED BELGIUM -- AND IT MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN HER LAST!

SUDDENLY -- INCHES AHEAD OF THE PROBING SEARCHLIGHT BEAM --

**GOTTVERDUMMER!** SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS LOUISE DE BETTIGNIES WHO IS GOING TO ORGANIZE A SPY RING IN LILLE -- RIGHT UNDER THE GERMANS' NOSES!

**LOUVAIN!** I, P'TITE, AM ALPHONSE VERSTAPEN -- A STUPID OX WHO TURNED FROM PROFITABLE SMUGGLING TO RISKY PATRIOTISM! NOW-- THERE ARE TEN-SECOND INTERVALS BETWEEN THOSE SEARCHLIGHT SWEEPS--GIVING US JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SQUIRM THROUGH THAT TUNNEL I'VE DUG!

YOU **COULD** BE THE MAN I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET -- IN WHICH CASE YOU WON'T NEED MORE THAN FIVE SECONDS TO GIVE ME THE COUNTERSIGN!





MANY A SPY HAS SLIPPED ACROSS A FRONTIER -- BUT LOUISE DE BETTIGNIES WAS PROBABLY THE FIRST TO CRAWL UNDER -- SCANT INCHES FROM THE REARING SILHOUETTE OF A GERMAN GUARD!



UNEXPECTEDLY -- SEVERAL MILES BEYOND --

HALT! SHOW YOUR PASSES -- AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY NONSENSE ABOUT YOUR BEING SWEETHEARTS, OUT FOR AN EVENING STROLL!

YOU MAY REGRET YOUR INSOLENCE! BRING THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD -- IMMEDIATELY!



MY APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN -- BUT NATURALLY I COULDN'T SHOW THAT TO A COMMON SOLDIER!

"KUNDSCHAFTS STELLE -- TO KONIGGRATZER STRASSE, BERLIN!"

HIMMEL! -- SHE'S AN AGENT OF OUR ULTRA-SECRET MILITARY ESPIONAGE SERVICE!

DUMKOFF -- SHE'S PROBABLY A FRIEND OF THE KAISER HIMSELF!

GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!

JA WOHL -- GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!

WAIT -- WAIT -- I'M WEAK IN THE KNEES! FORGING A CARD, I CAN UNDERSTAND -- BUT HOW DID YOU LEARN AN ADDRESS KNOWN ONLY TO THE GERMAN STAFF?

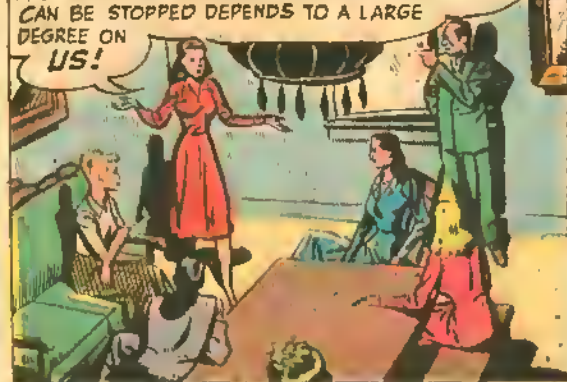
VERSTAPEN, FOR OVER TEN YEARS, I WAS A GOVERNESS FOR WEALTHY GERMANS -- AND ONE WAS IN THE ESPIONAGE SERVICE! IT WAS PART OF MY WORK TO OCCASIONALLY TAKE A FORGOTTEN PACKAGE OR UMBRELLA TO HIS OFFICE -- AT TO KONIGGRATZER STRASSE!



A MONTH LATER -- IN GERMAN-HELD LILLE -- LOUISE'S ESPIONAGE UNIT WAS READY!

OUR MAIN TASK IS TO GATHER ALL POSSIBLE INFORMATION ABOUT THE GERMAN FORCES IN THIS AREA -- AND DELIVER DAILY REPORTS TO BRITISH HEADQUARTERS AT ST. OMER! THE GERMANS ARE KNIFING TOWARD PARIS -- AND WHETHER THEY CAN BE STOPPED DEPENDS TO A LARGE DEGREE ON US!

THERE IS ONLY ONE RULE -- AND YOU MUST NEVER FORGET IT! WE HAVE CEASED TO EXIST AS PERSONS -- WE ARE A GROUP! AND FOR THE SAKE OF THAT GROUP -- LOYALTY AND PITY MUST PLAY NO PART IF ANY OF US SHOULD BE CAPTURED! A FRIEND IN GERMAN HANDS BECOMES A STRANGER!





IN A LABORATORY IN THE CELLAR OF AN INNOCENT-LOOKING DRUGSTORE --

IT'S SMALL, LOUISE -- BUT FULLY EQUIPPED TO TURN OUT STEEL DIES FOR FORGED PASSPORTS -- INVISIBLE INK -- MINIATURE CAMERAS -- AND RADIO APPARATUS!

YOU'VE MADE A GOOD START, DE GEYTER! WE'LL NEED OTHER THINGS, OF COURSE -- BUT I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AS THE OCCASION ARISES!



"ARRANGEMENTS" MEANT FINDING TECHNICIANS WHO COULD BE TRUSTED -- AND WITH UNCANNY INSIGHT, LOUISE NEVER PICKED THE WRONG MAN!

MONSIEUR BERNARD -- I UNDERSTAND YOU USE EXTREMELY FINE PENS IN YOUR MAP-MAKING! THIS SLIP OF RICE PAPER WON'T BE NOTICED WHEN IT IS PASTED ON THE INSIDE OF AN EYEGLASS LENS! HOW MANY WORDS DO YOU THINK YOU COULD WRITE ON IT -- IN INVISIBLE INK?

FOR A CLIENT -- POSSIBLY A THOUSAND! BUT FOR FRANCE -- IF MY EYES HOLD OUT -- **THREE THOUSAND!**



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER -- IN A DINGY LACE SHOP NEAR THE RAILROAD YARDS OF LILLE --

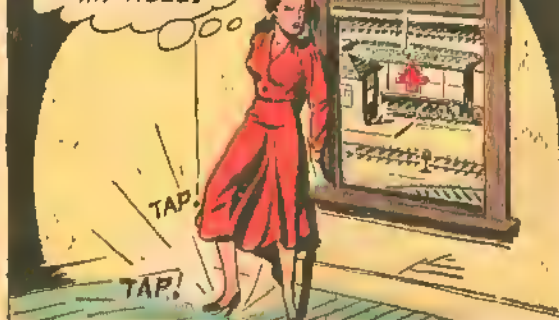
I GET SO BORED -- SITTING AROUND HERE WITH LITTLE MARCEL! YOU'LL HAVE A GLASS OF WINE, OUI?

ACH -- WHY NOT? YOU HAVEN'T ANY CUSTOMERS -- AND WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO GUARD!



UPSTAIRS -- LOUISE STOOD BESIDE A DARKENED WINDOW -- COUNTING THE GERMAN RED CROSS TRUCKS THAT SPED THROUGH THE STATION!

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IS VITALLY INTERESTED IN THE NUMBER OF CASUALTIES SUSTAINED BY THE GERMANS IN THEIR YPRES OFFENSIVE -- AND I'M FINDING OUT! EVERY TIME I COUNT FIVE TRUCKS -- **I TAP MY HEEL!**



THERE IT IS AGAIN! I'LL MAKE ANOTHER MARK ON MY SLATE!

TSK-TSK! NOTHING BUT A LOT OF ONES! IN DER REICH, LITTLE BOYS YOUR AGE CAN DO FRACTIONS!



AFTER THE WINE-BEFOUDDLED GERMANS STAGGERED BACK TO THEIR POSTS --

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO TRUCKS! SINCE WE'VE LEARNED THAT EACH TRUCK CARRIES FORTY-FIVE WOUNDED MEN, IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO FIGURE THE TOTAL! -- BUT NOW THAT WE'RE CUT OFF FROM ST. OMER -- HOW CAN WE GET OUR ESTIMATE TO THE BRITISH?

BY DOING WHAT THE GERMANS LEAST EXPECT! I'LL HIDE A SLIP OF RICE PAPER UNDER THE GLOSSY SURFACE OF MY FALSE IDENTIFICATION CARD -- AND SLIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL!



LOUISE REACHED ENGLAND -- BUT ON HER RETURN TRIP, AS SHE REACHED AN ISOLATED SECTION OF THE FRENCH BORDER --

MY FORGED PASSPORT HAS EXPIRED -- BUT I'VE ARRANGED TO HAVE A NEW ONE BROUGHT BY TWO BOYS WHOSE PARENTS WORK WITH MY UNIT! HOPE I MEET THEM BEFORE I'M SPOTTED BY A BOCHE PATROL!

YOU--GET UP HERE AND SHOW YOUR PAPERS!

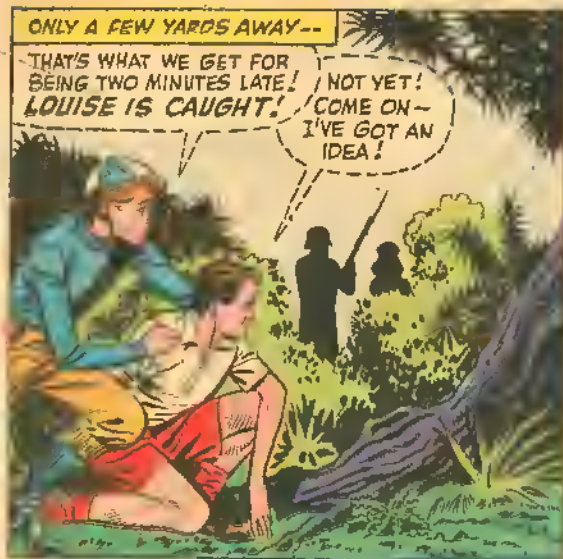




ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY--

THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR BEING TWO MINUTES LATE!  
**LOUISE IS CAUGHT!**

NOT YET!  
COME ON--  
I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA!



QUARRELING LOUDLY, THE TWO BOYS WALKED TOWARD THE SENTRY -- AND THERE -- WHILE LOUISE DODGED INTO THE BUSHES --

THAT WAS MY MARBLE -- AND I'M GOING TO GET IT BACK, SEE?

HERE, HERE -- I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO LOOK INTO! -- HIMMEL! -- WHERE IS SHE?



IN 1916 -- WITH THE GERMAN ARMIES MASSED FOR A MAJOR OFFENSIVE --

WE MUST DELIVER THOSE DETAILED REPORTS TO MAJOR CAMERON OF THE BRITISH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE -- BUT **HOW**, LOUISE? THEY'RE TOO LENGTHY TO BE COPIED IN CODE -- AND TOO BULKY TO BE HIDDEN!

THERE ISN'T MUCH CHOICE, DE GEYTER! I'LL CARRY THEM THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES JUST AS THEY ARE -- **IN MY HANDBAG!**



AT LEAST ONCE IN EVERY SPY'S CAREER, AN UNFORESEEN EMERGENCY ARISES -- AND **THIS WAS LOUISE'S TURN!**

YOU'RE IN THE SECTOR COMMANDED BY PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA, FRAULEIN -- AND EVERYONE AUTHORIZED TO ENTER HAS BEEN GIVEN A **SPECIAL PASS!** SINCE YOU DON'T HAVE ONE -- IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO **SEARCH YOUR PURSE!**

PRINCE RUPPRECHT... BUT ISN'T THAT HE -- TALKING TO THOSE OFFICERS?



WITH STEEL-NERVED PRESENCE OF MIND -- LOUISE REMEMBERED AN AFTERNOON IN BADEN-BADEN SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE -- AT THE ESTATE OF A GERMAN BARON...

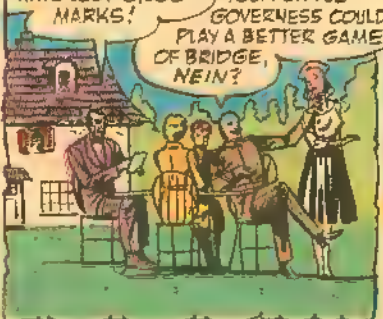
IT'S A SAD REFLECTION ON MY HOSPITALITY, PRINCE RUPPRECHT -- BUT YOU SEEM TO HAVE LOST 3,200 MARKS!

MY DEAR BARON -- I ALWAYS LOSE! EVEN YOUR LITTLE GOVERNESS COULD PLAY A BETTER GAME OF BRIDGE, NEIN?

AND NOW -- AS THE SENTRY STARED OPENMOUTHED --

DEAR PRINCE RUPPRECHT! I'M SURE YOU MUST REMEMBER ME -- AFTER LOSING 3,200 MARKS AT MY LITTLE BRIDGE PARTY IN BADEN-BADEN!

WELL, ACH, JA, OF COURSE! MY MEMORY IS AS BAD AS MY BRIDGE -- ENDLESS STAFF WORK, YOU KNOW -- BUT LET'S WALK TOGETHER WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT IT!



WITH THE PICK OF THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE ON HER TRAIL -- LOUISE WAS ARRESTED SIX MONTHS LATER! SHE DIED OF TYPHUS IN THE COLOGNE MILITARY PRISON ON SEPTEMBER 27, 1918, JUST FIVE WEEKS BEFORE THE ALLIED VICTORY FOR WHICH SHE HAD RISKED HER LIFE!



# The **P**ulverizing **P**eril



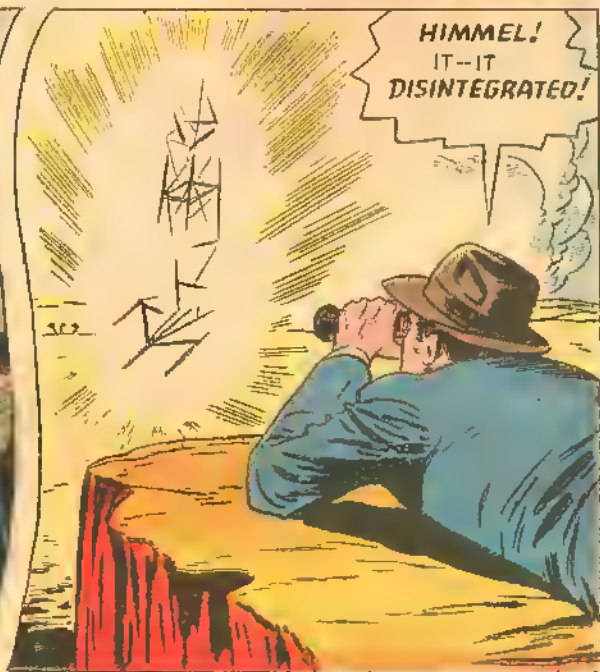
This picture of devastation and catastrophe in WASHINGTON isn't just an artist's nightmare, reader -- but the fiendishly cunning dream of a powerful group of spies -- a dream that **COULD** have come true! Our nation's capital, every city in the land could have been disintegrated -- the troops defending them could have been dissolved into dust -- but for America's valiant COUNTER-ESPIONAGE service that swung into action to halt the **PULVERIZING PERIL!**

**SCENE: AN ISOLATED, SECRET TESTING GROUND, DEEP IN THE LONELY NEW MEXICO DESERT...**

THE DIAL IS SET AT 123,000 CYCLES ... ALL I DO IS PRESS THIS BUTTON ... NOW WATCH THAT STEEL TOWER!



HIMMEL!  
IT--IT  
DISINTEGRATED!





**GREAT SCOTT!**  
THAT TOWER WAS  
**PULVERIZED**--  
IT'S NOTHING BUT  
A HEAP OF **DUST!**  
I-- I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
HOW...

MY PULVERIZER IS BASED ON A  
SIMPLE PRINCIPLE! HIGH FREQUENCY  
WAVES, EVEN FROM A SINGER'S  
HIGH NOTES, CAN SET NEARBY  
OBJECTS TO VIBRATING--UNTIL  
THEY CRACK OR SMASH!  
**ANYTHING** CAN BE MADE  
TO DISINTEGRATE, IF YOU  
GET IT RESONATING AT  
THE RIGHT FREQUENCY!

THIS SUPERSONIC AMPLIFIER--THIS **PULVERIZER**--  
EMITS A HIGH-FREQUENCY SOUND WAVE THAT CAN  
BE MADE TO CORRESPOND WITH THE RESONATING  
FREQUENCY OF ANY KNOWN SUBSTANCE! IT MAKES  
THE SUBSTANCE VIBRATE TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT--  
**PDDF!**--IT DISINTEGRATES! YOU JUST SET THE  
DIAL AT THE RIGHT FREQUENCY, FOCUS THE AMPLIFIER,  
PRESS THE BUTTON--AND STEEL EVAPORATES,  
CONCRETE TURNS  
TO DUST, EVEN  
**HUMANS MELT**  
AND VANISH!

**NOW** I'M BEGINNING TO  
SEE WHY **COUNTER-**  
**INTELLIGENCE** WAS  
CALLED IN ON THIS JOB!  
BUT TELL ME, PROFESSOR--  
IF HIGH FREQUENCIES ARE  
INAUDIBLE, WHAT WAS THAT

IT **DDES** SOUND LIKE  
A SIREN WHILE THE  
FREQUENCY IS BEING  
BUILT UP! EVERY TIME  
I HEAR A FIRE-ENGINE,  
I'M AFRAID THAT  
SOME UNFRIENDLY  
NATION HAS LEARNED  
THE SECRET AND IS  
ABOUT TO PULVERIZE  
**US!**

**SIREN-LIKE**  
**SOUND**  
AT FIRST?

IT'S EVIDENT WHAT A DISASTER IT WOULD BE  
FOR AMERICA IF THIS DEVICE FELL INTO UNFRIENDLY  
HANDS! PROFESSOR WALD, I'M ASSIGNING **MARTIN**  
**SIMPSON**, ONE OF OUR BEST INTELLIGENCE AGENTS,  
TO GUARD YOU AND YOUR SUPERSONIC AMPLIFIER  
DAY AND NIGHT! MARTY, THIS IS THE ONLY  
PULVERIZER WE HAVE  
YET--AND YOU'RE  
TO DEFEND IT WITH  
YOUR **LIFE** UNTIL  
THE PROFESSOR  
CAN BUILD  
ANOTHER!

**DAYS LATER, IN THE CELLAR OF AN ABANDONED**  
**WAREHOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WASHINGTON, D.C. ...**

YOU'VE BROUGHT TREMENDOUS NEWS, HANS! OUR LONG,  
WEARY MONTHS OF SPYING ON PROFESSOR WALD'S ACTIVITIES  
ARE OVER! NOW THAT HIS SUPERSONIC WEAPON IS PERFECTED,  
WE SEIZE IT, KILL HIM--AND THEN SPREAD THE WORD TO  
AMERICA'S ENEMIES THAT THE NAZI  
UNDERGROUND **STILL EXISTS--**  
**AND HAS THE ONLY**  
**WEAPON THAT CAN**  
**DESTROY AMERICA!**

ALL THE OTHER FASCIST UNDERGROUND MOVEMENTS,  
ALL BIG AND LITTLE DICTATORS OF THE WORLD FROM  
LATIN AMERICA TO EUROPE AND ASIA--**ALL** WILL  
FLOCK TO OUR BANNER, LET US LEAD THEM TO  
FINAL VICTORY OVER THE DEMOCRACIES!  
THE DICTATORS SUPPLY THE MEN,  
WE SUPPLY THE **PULVERIZER**--  
AND THE REST OF THE WORLD  
WILL BECOME SLAVES TO  
SUPPLY US WITH WEALTH  
AND POWER!  
**SIEG HEIL!**



TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN PROFESSOR WALD'S HOME LABORATORY  
IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL...

THE DOORBELL! DON'T  
ANSWER IT UNTIL I PUT  
THE PULVERIZER BACK  
IN THE VAULT, MARTY!

I PHONED AN ORDER FOR  
COFFEE AND SANDWICHES -- IT'S  
PROBABLY JUST THE DELIVERY  
BOY! BUT I'LL KEEP MY GUN  
READY IF IT'LL MAKE YOU  
FEEL ANY EASIER!

R-RINGG!



PLEASE... I'M HURT...  
HAD AN ACCIDENT!  
I... I THINK I'M  
GOING TO FAINT---

HEY! YOU  
CAN'T FAINT  
HERE!



HANG IT -- SHE **DID**  
FAINT! WELL, I CAN'T  
LEAVE HER LYING OUT  
HERE -- I'LL HAVE TO  
TAKE HER INSIDE --

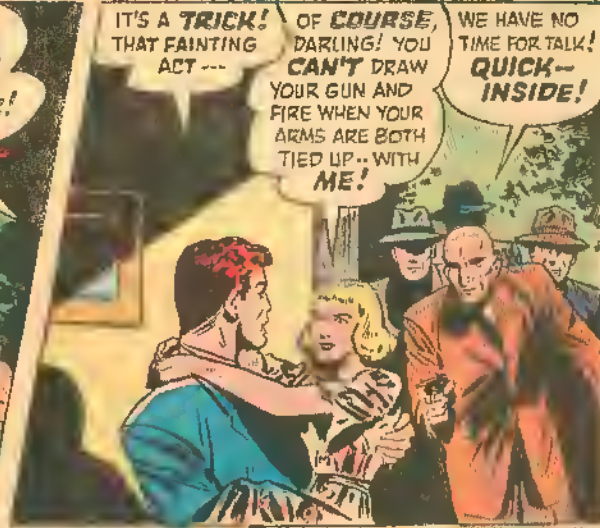
YES, YOU  
**WILL** GO  
INSIDE--  
**SUCKER!**



IT'S A **TRICK!**  
THAT FAINTING  
ACT ---

OF **COURSE,**  
DARLING! YOU  
**CAN'T** DRAW  
YOUR GUN AND  
FIRE WHEN YOUR  
ARMS ARE BOTH  
TIED UP-- WITH  
**ME!**

WE HAVE NO  
TIME FOR TALK!  
**QUICK--  
INSIDE!**



**SPIES!** THE  
PULVERIZER --  
IF I CAN ONLY  
GET IT BACK  
INTO THE  
VAULT--

AH, BUT YOU  
**WON'T** HAVE  
TIME, HERE!  
PROFESSOR--  
YOU CAN'T  
OUTRUN  
**BULLETS!**

AND **YOU** CAN'T AIM WHEN  
YOU'RE PLAYING **CATCH**--  
WITH A **BLONDE!**

**OHH!**

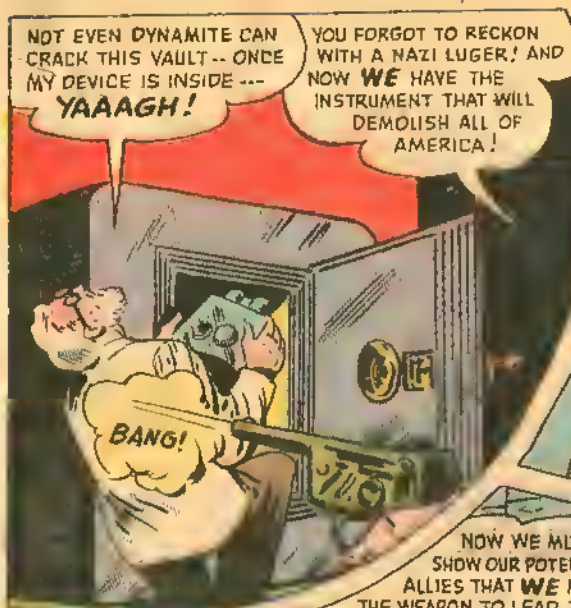


**UGH!**

**WHAM!**







NOT EVEN DYNAMITE CAN CRACK THIS VAULT -- ONCE MY DEVICE IS INSIDE --  
**YAAAGH!**

YOU FORGOT TO RECKON WITH A NAZI LUGER! AND NOW **WE** HAVE THE INSTRUMENT THAT WILL DEMOLISH ALL OF AMERICA!

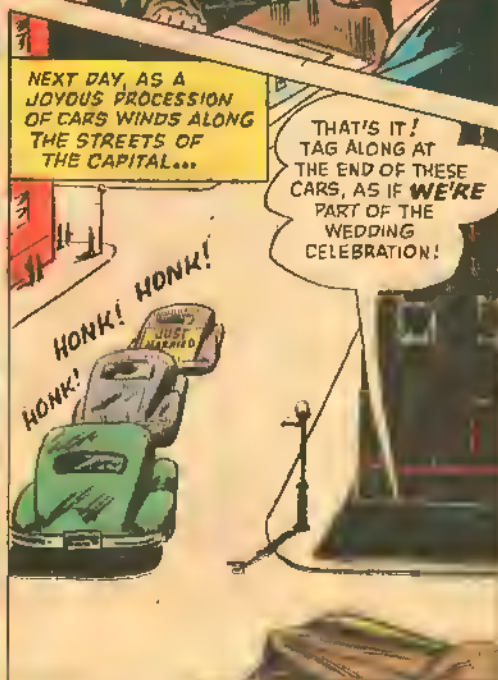


*Later...* YOU LET YOURSELF BE TAKEN IN BY A CHILDISH TRICK -- AND YOU LET **THEM** GET AWAY WITH THE ONE WEAPON THAT CAN DESTROY US! ALL OUR MODERN BATTLESHIPS, TANKS, PLANES -- EVEN **CITIES** -- WILL BE TURNED INTO DUST IF OUR ENEMIES STUDY THE PULVERIZER AND BUILD NEW ONES!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF -- THEY **WOH'T!** I GOT US INTO THIS DANGER -- AND I'LL GET US **OUT!** I'LL RECOVER THE PULVERIZER AND SMASH THAT SPY-RING IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



NOW WE MUST SHOW OUR POTENTIAL ALLIES THAT **WE** HAVE THE WEAPON TO LEAD THEM TO VICTORY! WE WILL DEMONSTRATE THE DEVICE AGAINST IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS -- AND I KNOW A **FOOLPROOF** WAY OF CONCEALING THE PULVERIZER'S SIREN SOUND SO THAT WE CAN ESCAPE DETECTION!



NEXT DAY, AS A JOYOUS PROCESSION OF CARS WINDS ALONG THE STREETS OF THE CAPITAL...

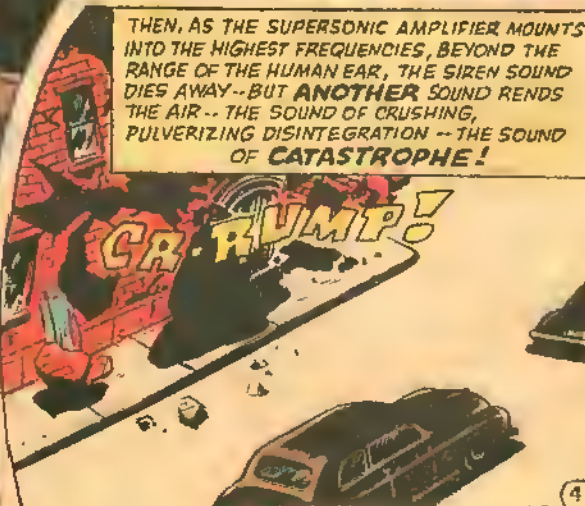
THAT'S IT! TAG ALONG AT THE END OF THESE CARS, AS IF **WE'RE** PART OF THE WEDDING CELEBRATION!



AH, THIS WAS A BRILLIANT IDEA! NO ONE IS PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO THE SIREN SOUND OF THE PULVERIZER AS IT WARMS UP -- THEY ALL THINK WE'RE JUST **CELEBRATING!**

HONK!  
HONK!  
HONK!

WOOD-000.



THEN, AS THE SUPERSONIC AMPLIFIER MOUNTS INTO THE HIGHEST FREQUENCIES, BEYOND THE RANGE OF THE HUMAN EAR, THE SIREN SOUND DIES AWAY -- BUT **ANOTHER** SOUND RENDS THE AIR -- THE SOUND OF CRUSHING, PULVERIZING DISINTEGRATION -- THE SOUND OF **CATASTROPHE!**



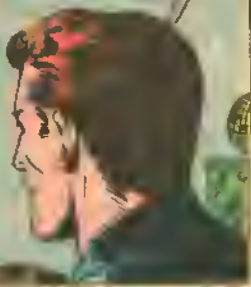
**IT'S DONE! AND SOON EVERY AMERICAN CITY WILL BE LIKE THAT BUILDING -- MERE RUBBLE! TOMORROW, PERHAPS, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER WEDDING PROCESSION -- AND THEN WE STRIKE AGAIN!**



**A FEW HOURS LATER...**

THE PAPERS ARE SAYING THAT THE BUILDING COLLAPSED BECAUSE OF SOME UNKNOWN STRUCTURAL FAULT! LISTEN TO THIS -- "WITNESSES SAY IT HAPPENED JUST AFTER A WEDDING PROCESSION OF HORN-BLOWING AND SIREN-WAILING CARS PASSED" -- !

WEDDING PROCESSION... SIREN... BUILDING COLLAPSES -- **I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, CHIEF! I KNOW JUST HOW TO BAIT THOSE SPIES TO STRIKE AGAIN -- BUT THIS TIME, WE'LL BE READY FOR 'EM!**



**NEXT MORNING, IN ALL THE WASHINGTON NEWSPAPERS...**

**MISS MARILYN BIDDLE WEDS TODAY...**

The Fifth Congregational Church will be the scene today of the wedding of Miss Marilyn Biddle to Mr. Gerald Stone, of this city...

THAT'S IT -- KEEP ABOUT HALF A BLOCK BEHIND THE PROCESSION -- OF THE PHONIES WEDDING EVER STAGED BY COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE! **LOOK -- THERE'S A CAR SWERVING FROM A SIDE STREET AND TAGGING ALONG!**



**LISTEN -- THAT SIREN SOUND! THEY FELL FOR THE TRAP -- CLOSE IN ON 'EM!**



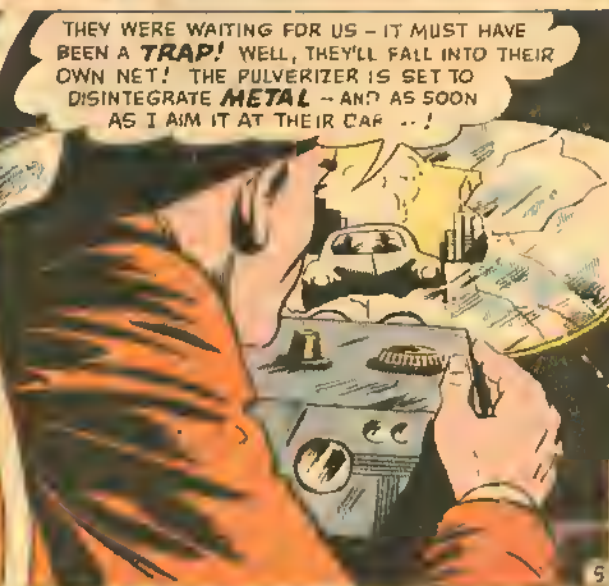
**AH, THE BUILDING IS STARTING TO COLLAPSE -- WHA -- WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!**

**BANG!**

**ZZZZZZ.**



THEY WERE WAITING FOR US -- IT MUST HAVE BEEN A **TRAP!** WELL, THEY'LL FALL INTO THEIR OWN NET! THE PULVERIZER IS SET TO DISINTEGRATE **METAL** -- AND AS SOON AS I AIM IT AT THEIR CAR -- !





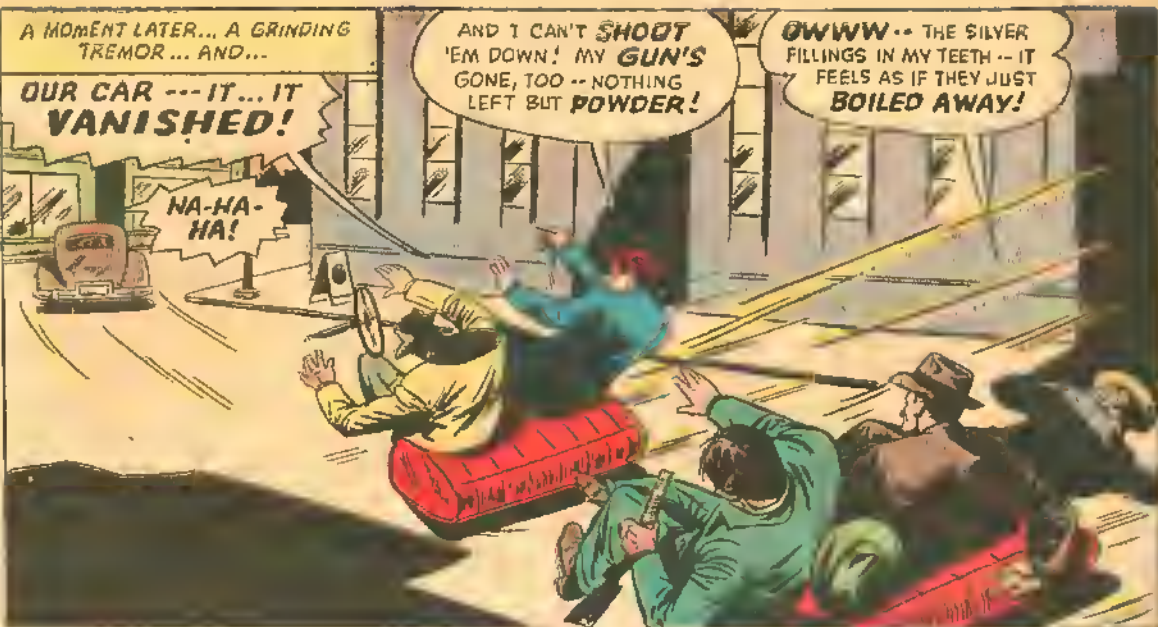
A MOMENT LATER... A GRINDING  
TREMOR ... AND...

OUR CAR --- IT... IT  
**VANISHED!**

NA-HA-  
HA!

AND I CAN'T SHOOT  
'EM DOWN! MY **GUN'S**  
GONE, TOO -- NOTHING  
LEFT BUT **POWDER!**

OWWW -- THE SILVER  
FILLINGS IN MY TEETH -- IT  
FEELS AS IF THEY JUST  
**BOILED AWAY!**

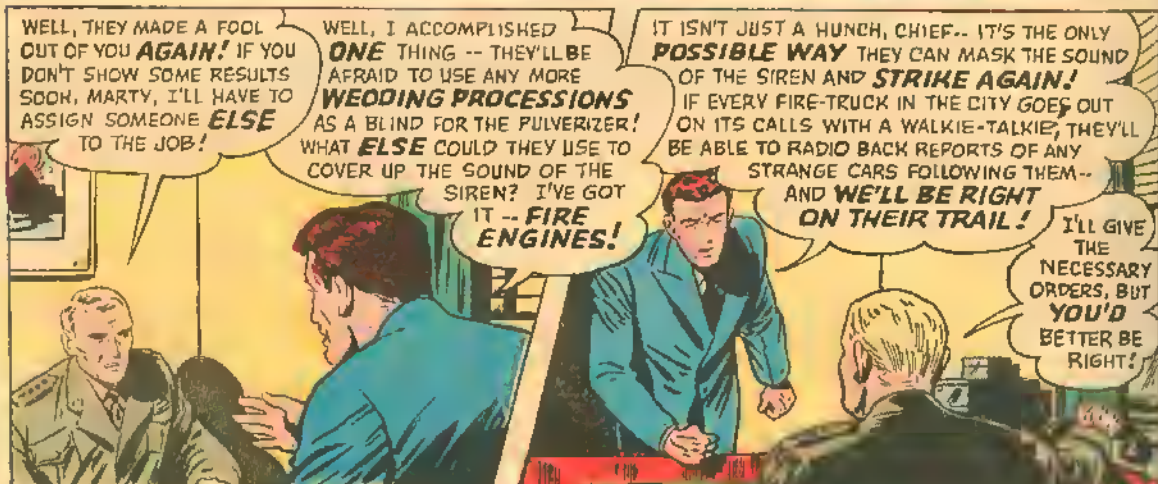


WELL, THEY MADE A FOOL  
OUT OF YOU **AGAIN!** IF YOU  
DON'T SHOW SOME RESULTS  
SOON, MARTY, I'LL HAVE TO  
ASSIGN SOMEONE **ELSE**  
TO THE JOB!

WELL, I ACCOMPLISHED  
**ONE** THING -- THEY'LL BE  
AFRAID TO USE ANY MORE  
**WEDDING PROCESSIONS**  
AS A BLIND FOR THE PULVERIZER!  
WHAT **ELSE** COULD THEY USE TO  
COVER UP THE SOUND OF THE  
SIREN? I'VE GOT  
IT -- **FIRE  
ENGINES!**

IT ISN'T JUST A HUNCH, CHIEF-- IT'S THE ONLY  
**POSSIBLE WAY** THEY CAN MASK THE SOUND  
OF THE SIREN AND **STRIKE AGAIN!**  
IF EVERY FIRE-TRUCK IN THE CITY GOES OUT  
ON ITS CALLS WITH A WALKIE-TALKIE, THEY'LL  
BE ABLE TO RADIO BACK REPORTS OF ANY  
STRANGE CARS FOLLOWING THEM--  
AND **WE'LL BE RIGHT  
ON THEIR TRAIL!**

I'LL GIVE  
THE  
NECESSARY  
ORDERS, BUT  
**YOU'D  
BETTER BE  
RIGHT!**



Meanwhile...

NOW THAT WE'VE TESTED  
THE SUPERSONIC AMPLIFIER  
SATISFACTORILY, WE ARE READY FOR OUR  
**MAJOR BLOW!** SPREAD THE WORD THROUGH  
ALL THE UNDERGROUND SPY NETWORKS, THROUGH  
THE EMBASSIES OF THE DICTATORSHIPS, THAT  
AT 10 TOMORROW NIGHT WE PULVERIZE THE  
**WASHINGTON MONUMENT**--AS A SYMBOL  
OF **AMERICA'S IMMINENT  
DOWNFALL!** AND ASK ALL  
FASCIST ELEMENTS WHO  
WISH TO JOIN US TO  
GATHER HERE-- AT  
MIDNIGHT!

LIKE WILDFIRE, THE NEWS SPREADS THROUGH ALL THE  
UNDERGROUND RAT-NESTS INFESTED BY SPIES AND  
AGENTS OF FASCISM...

PULVERIZER...

DISINTEGRATE  
WASHINGTON  
MONUMENT!...

MEET AT  
MIDNIGHT...





AT 9:30 THE NEXT NIGHT,  
IN ENGINEHOUSE No. 7...

AN ALARM FROM THE  
NORTHWEST CORNER  
OF TOWN! **LET'S GO!**

**CLANG!  
CLANG!**



SIREN SHRIEKING LIKE A BANSHEE,  
THE ENGINE WHINES THROUGH THE  
STREETS, FINALLY PULLS UP AT A  
DESERTED CORNER...

DID YOU PULL  
THAT ALARM,  
MAC? WHERE'S  
THE FIRE?

WOOO-WOOO!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT  
OF THE SHADOWS...

HERE IS THE FIRE-  
NAZI FIRE!

**BANG!  
BANG!**



ENGINE 27 REPORTING...  
BEING ATTACKED BY GUNMEN  
AT ALARM BOX 105! THEY'RE  
CLOSING IN ON ME!



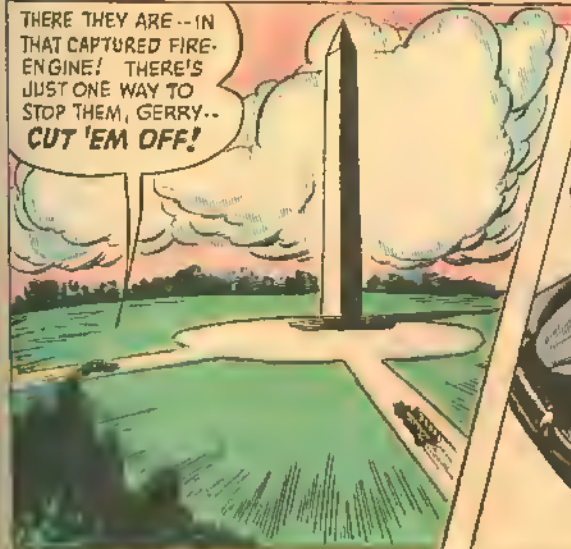
"HOPE YOU  
GET THE ROTTEN-  
BARGHHH!"  
**BANG!**

"HE'S THE LAST --  
THE SWINE ARE ALL  
DEAD! QUICKLY--  
TO THE  
WASHINGTON  
MONUMENT!"

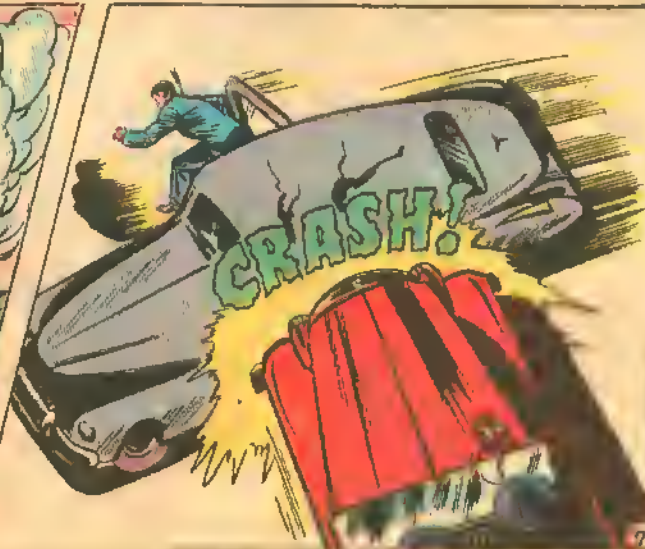
GOT THAT, GERRY?  
TAKE THE SHORT-CUT  
TO THE MONUMENT--  
AND **STEP  
ON IT!**



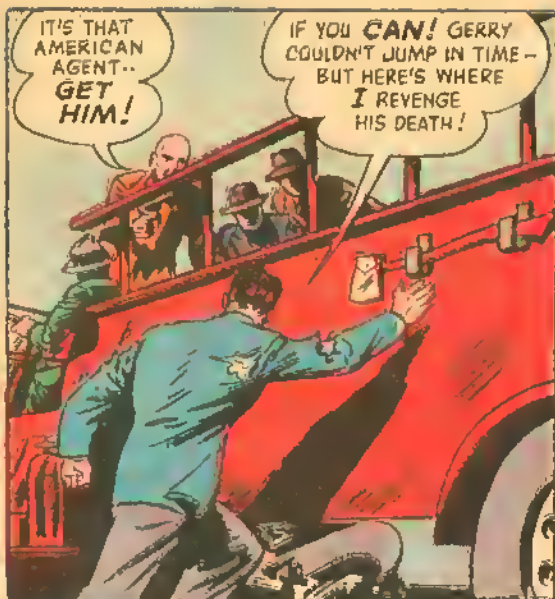
THERE THEY ARE -- IN  
THAT CAPTURED FIRE-  
ENGINE! THERE'S  
JUST ONE WAY TO  
STOP THEM, GERRY--  
**CUT 'EM OFF!**



**CRASH!**







IT'S THAT AMERICAN AGENT--  
**GET HIM!**

IF YOU **CAN!** GERRY COULDN'T JUMP IN TIME-- BUT HERE'S WHERE I REVENGE HIS DEATH!



THIS'LL HELP ME FIGHT MY WAY TO THE CHEMICAL HOSE!

**WHAM!**



**MADE IT!** MAYBE THIS WILL COOL YOU NAZI BUZZARDS DOWN!

**OOOFFFF!**



**SCATTER, MEN! -- GET BACK TO THE HIDEOUT!** HANS--BRING THE PULVERIZER--WHILE I COMMANDEER THAT PASSING CAR!



THE DIRTY VULTURES--THEY JUST STOPPED THAT CAR, SHOT THE DRIVER, AND DROVE OFF! BUT I'VE GOT THE LICENSE NUMBER--IT'S A MARYLAND PLATE -- 6M7921!

...AND THE LICENSE NUMBER IS 6M7921! GET THE ENTIRE DISTRICT POLICE FORCE OUT LOOKING FOR THAT CAR--PUT ALL THE F.B.I. AGENTS IN TOWN ON THE SEARCH--**WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT CAR BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!**

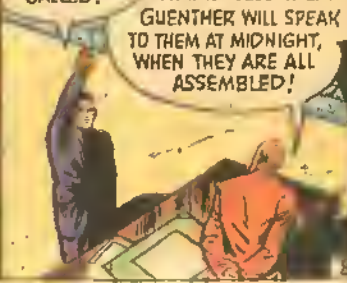


RIGHT, MARTY! I'LL EVEN GET THE TROOPS ON THE JOB!

AN HOUR LATER, AT THE SPIES' UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS...

**HEIL, GUENTHER!** THE SPIES AND AGENTS ARE BEGINNING TO ARRIVE FOR THE MEETING YOU CALLED!

WE DIDN'T DESTROY THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AS WE PROMISED-- I'LL HAVE TO THINK UP SOME **OTHER** WAY TO DEMONSTRATE THE PULVERIZER TO THEM! TELL THEM GUENTHER WILL SPEAK TO THEM AT MIDNIGHT, WHEN THEY ARE ALL ASSEMBLED!





BUT, MEANWHILE...

CAR 349 REPORTING!  
HAVE LOCATED MARYLAND  
LICENSE PLATE 6M7921, PARKED  
OUTSIDE ABANDONED WAREHOUSE AT  
END OF GROVE STREET! AM MOVING  
ON SO AS NOT TO AROUSE SUSPICION,  
AS PER INSTRUCTIONS!

GOOD WORK!  
WE'LL NOTIFY  
COUNTER-  
INTELLIGENCE  
IMMEDIATELY!

AT THE  
STROKE OF  
MIDNIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, I DON'T WANT US  
WALKING INTO ANY TRAP -- SO I'M GOING  
IN **ALONE!** IF I'M NOT OUT IN FIVE  
MINUTES, BUST IN-- **SHOOTING!**

THE WEAPON COULD NOT  
DESTROY THE WASHINGTON  
MONUMENT -- WE DO NOT BELIEVE  
YOU HAVE THAT PULVERIZER  
YOU BOAST OF,  
GUENTHER!

AND WE WON'T JOIN  
YOU IN YOUR PLOT  
UNTIL WE HAVE  
**PROOF** OF ITS  
EXISTENCE AND  
POWER!

**LISTEN TO ME --**  
**ALL OF YOU!** THE WEAPON **DIDN'T**  
FAIL -- WE WERE PREVENTED FROM REACHING  
THE MONUMENT! I CAN DEMONSTRATE IT  
**RIGHT HERE -- AND CONVINCE** YOU  
THAT, USED PROPERLY, IT CAN **DESTROY**  
**THE DEMOCRACIES!**

I WILL MERELY  
SELECT SOME SMALL  
OBJECT, FOCUS  
THE PULVERIZER  
ON IT, AND --  
**WAIT!**

**C-R-E-A-K!**

**SO -- A SPY!**

**THE  
AMERICAN  
AGENT! THIS  
TIME YOU DIE,  
SWINE!**

**NO -- WAIT! O..DON'T  
KILL ME! I...I'LL  
MAKE A DEAL WITH  
YOU -- SPARE ME,  
AND I'LL TELL YOU AN  
EVEN **GREATER** USE  
FOR THE PULVERIZER! I'VE  
READ OVER PROFESSOR WALD'S  
NOTES, AND I'VE LEARNED THE  
SPOT ON THE PULVERIZER  
WHERE **HUMANS**  
**DISINTEGRATE!****

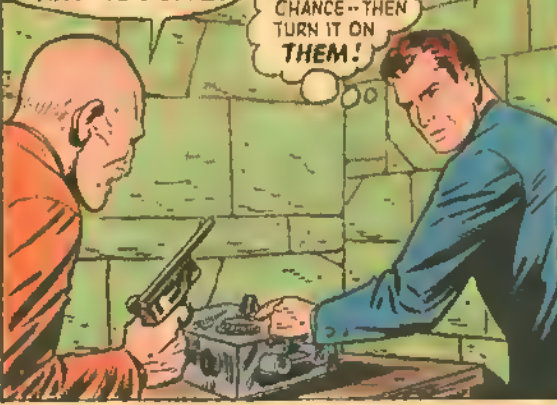
**NO ARMY  
WILL BE ABLE  
TO WITHSTAND  
YOU!**



AH, I CAN SEE IT NOW--  
 ALL THE DEMOCRACIES.  
 PULVERIZED TO DUST!  
 TELL ME THE SECRET--  
**AND YOU LIVE!**

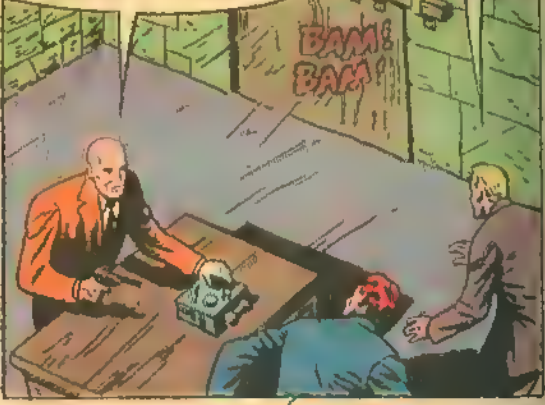
ALL RIGHT! THE LETHAL DOSE  
 FOR HUMANS IS RIGHT **HERE**--  
 THE FOURTH LINE ON THE DIAL!

I'LL WAIT MY  
 CHANCE--THEN  
 TURN IT ON  
**THEM!**



**GULLIBLE FOOL!** NOW I HAVE  
 THE PERFECT SUBJECT TO  
 DEMONSTRATE THE PULVERIZER  
 ON--**YOU!** IN A MINUTE,  
 YOU WILL BE MERE DUST!

GUENTHER--THE  
**DOOR! WE  
 ARE BEING  
 ATTACKED!**



HE--HE HAD  
**REINFORCE-  
 MENTS!**  
 TH--THEY'RE  
 BREAKING  
 DOWN THE  
 DOOR!

THERE'S NO  
 OTHER  
 EXIT  
 FROM THIS  
 CELLAR!  
**GUENTHER--  
 YOU BROUGHT  
 US INTO A  
 TRAP!**

WE AREN'T  
 TRAPPED  
**YET---**

**CRASH!**

---AS LONG AS THIS  
**PULVERIZER** CAN  
 STILL BURN BRICK AND  
 MASONRY TO RUBBLE!  
 I'LL FOCUS IT ON THE  
 REAR WALL--  
**GET BACK!**



BUT AS THE CELLAR  
 WALL DISINTEGRATES,  
 SUPPORTING BEAMS GIVE  
 WAY--AND THE CEILING  
**COLLAPSES!**

**HELP!**

**HIMMEL!**





AS THE SPIES EMERGE, STAGGERING TOWARD THE OPENING IN THE WALL...

QUICK--LET US ESCAPE! HURRY, GUENTHER!

I'M COMING--BUT I'LL SETTLE AN ACCOUNT BEFORE I GO! I'VE SET THE DIAL TO THE POSITION WHERE **HUMANS** DISINTEGRATE--AND IN A MOMENT, THE AMERICAN AGENT WILL BE MERE **DUST!**



KNOCKED OUT OF GUENTHER'S GRASP, THE PULVERIZER LANDS **UPSIDE DOWN**--SO THAT THE STUD BUTTON IS PUSHED **IN!** AND AS ITS EERIE SIREN-LIKE WAIL FILLS THE AIR...

HURRY--WE CAN'T WAIT FOR GUENTHER! TO THE WALL--**FREEDOM AWAITS US!**



BUT ANOTHER FATE AWAITS THE SPIES--FOR THE PULVERIZER IS FOCUSED RIGHT ON THE GAP IN THE WALL!



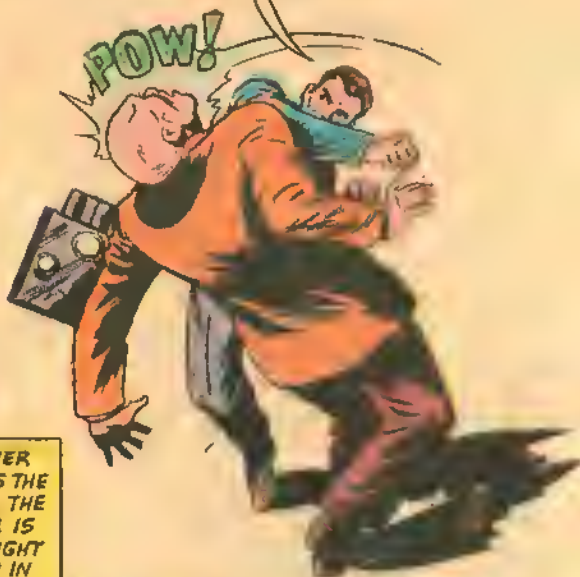
THEY... THEY DISSOLVED BEFORE OUR EYES!

WE'D BETTER--GIVE UP!

THAT'S IT--I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT LIKING A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE! AT LEAST THIS WAY IT'LL BE **YEARS** BEFORE YOU ROT INTO DUST--IN **JAIL!**



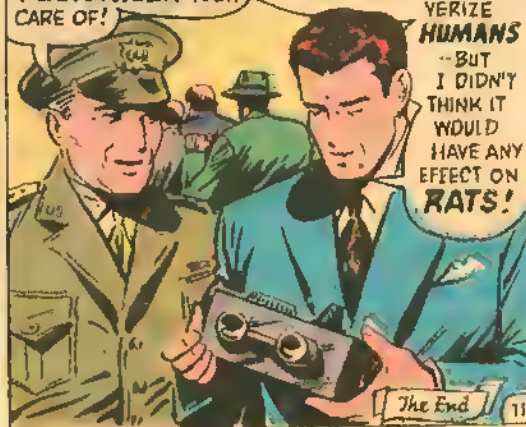
YOU'RE WRONG, RAT--HERE'S WHERE I DUST YOU OFF!



GREAT WORK, MARTY! THAT'S QUITE A HAUL OF SPIES! AND THOSE **WE** DIDN'T GET, THE **PULVERIZER** TOOK CARE OF!

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, GENERAL, I WAS SURPRISED IT WORKED ON THEM! THE DIAL WAS SET SO THAT IT WOULD PUL-

**VERIZE HUMANS**--BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD HAVE ANY EFFECT ON **RATS!**



The End



# SPY-PROOF

MARK THORNTON paused outside the door marked "CRYPTOANALYSIS SECTION---Decoding Room"---and stared in surprise at the young man lounging against the doorway. "May I see your identification pass, please?" the young man asked, flashing his credentials of the Counter-espionage Corps.

Thornton handed over his pass-case that identified him as a Defense Department cryptographer, and said, "But what happened to Dan Harrison, the security agent who was always assigned here? Why did you take his place?"

The young man smiled genially. "He was replaced---wasn't doing a good enough job. There're some peculiar things going on in the Cryptoanalysis Section, and they assigned me to the case---they think I'm a bright boy. But you're okay, Mr. Thornton, you can go in!"

Inside the decoding room, Thornton let his face widen into a leering grin as he locked the door behind him. Yes, there were strange things going on in the section, and he---Thornton---was responsible for them!

Swiftly, with practiced eye, Thornton looked around the room to make sure that there were no changes in it. He grinned as he thought how the spy-proof Decoding Room played right into his hands. The builders had made it a windowless, artificially-ventilated, concrete room, with not a solitary spot where a peephole could be bored; the glass door was frosted on the inside and had no keyhole---there was absolutely no way for anyone to look into the room when the door was closed. Of course, all this had originally been designed to prevent spies from peering into the room and learning its secrets---but, it did no good when the spy was one of the most trusted decoders, working on the inside! And Thornton was just such a spy!

Assured that there was no change in the room, aside from a harmless piece of scotch tape that someone had pasted on the bottom of the frosted glass door, Thornton went

right to work. Since only one cryptographer could use the master decoding machine at any one time, the individual decoders worked alone, in shifts. And since Thornton was a fast, skillful worker, he always had about an hour before he plunged into his regular work to go through the backlog of uncoded messages intercepted from countries which the Pentagon thought might become future enemies.

And always, as now, Thornton went through the as yet uncoded messages, cleverly changing them to give false, erroneous information about the country which was paying him. For example, if American intelligence had intercepted a foreign country's coded report radioed to its agents abroad, the report would come to the Decoding Room for breakdown, and Thornton would get to it and change the report before other decoders got to it---thereby safeguarding the foreign agents and sending American intelligence off on false leads.

Of course, if he was ever caught going through the file of coded messages assigned to the decoders in the other shifts, it would be curtains---but since there was no chance of anyone ever seeing him doing it, he was perfectly safe---

*Crash!*

The glass paneled door was suddenly broken open by a flying chair, and before the young intelligence agent could follow the chair into the room, Thornton was standing near his own, legitimate file of reports.

"It's no good, Thornton," the young man said. "You see, I saw you going through those files and making changes in the messages!"

"Saw me? Impossible!" spluttered Thornton. "This room is spy-proof! I resent your unjust---"

"Save it for the jury---spy! This room is spy-proof, but only if no one knows that a piece of scotch-tape pasted on the frosted side of frosted glass makes the glass transparent!"



# THE CRAZY SPY



The ANNALS OF ESPIONAGE HOLD NO STRANGER STORY THAN THAT OF ELIZABETH VAN LEW. AGE AND THE WOMAN WHOSE GENIUS IN INTRIGUE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN THE FINAL UNION VICTORY! NO ONE COULD BELIEVE THAT A REFINED SOUTHERN GENTLEWOMAN COULD BE A SPY... AND SOUTHERNERS LAUGHINGLY CALLED HER "CRAZY BET" WHEN SHE OPENLY SPIED ON CONFEDERATE WAR COUNCILS! YES, ELIZABETH VAN LEW WAS CRAZY... LIKE A FOX!

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR TRUE-BLUE VIRGINIANS TO IMAGINE THAT A SOUTHERN ARISTOCRAT LIKE ELIZABETH COULD SYMPATHIZE WITH THE NORTH UNLESS SHE WAS INSANE, AND SO THEY SMILED INDULGENTLY AT HER ABOLITIONIST RAVINGS... AND AT HER FOOLISH CONCERN FOR THE UNION SOLDIERS STARVING IN RICHMOND'S PRISONS!

OH, YOU'RE A NEW PRISONER! YOU POOR LAD... HERE'S SOME FOOD I BROUGHT YOU!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU... YOU'RE CRAZY BET! AND HERE'S SOME NEWS FOR YOU... TWO VIRGINIA DIVISIONS ARE MOVING UP TO ATTACK ON THE EAST FLANK! MAKE SURE GRANT GETS THAT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



SOMETIMES, WHEN SHE WAS REFUSED PERMISSION TO VISIT THE NORTHERN PRISONERS, SHE WOULD LEND THEM BOOKS TO READ... AND THEY WOULD RETURN WITH CERTAIN WORDS FAINTLY UNDERLINED!

LET ME SEE... IF A PIECE ALL THE UNDERLINED WORDS TOGETHER, THE MESSAGE SAYS... "SHENANDOAH... TROOPS... OUT... OF... AMMUNITION... TELL... GRANT... ATTACK... NOW!"



ELIZABETH'S MANSION HAD BEEN A FAVORITE MEETING PLACE FOR SOUTHERN MILITARY OFFICERS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS EVEN BEFORE THE WAR, AND WHEN THE REFINED, PITIABLE "CRAZY BET" PRETENDED TO BE A SPY FOR THE NORTH AFTER THE CONFLICT STARTED, HIGH MILITARY OFFICERS WOULD HUMOR HER MADNESS BY ACTUALLY PLANNING THEIR STRATEGY IN HER PRESENCE!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND THAT MANUEVER, GENERAL... WOULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME SOME MORE DETAILS THAT I CAN FORWARD TO THE UNION SIDE?

HA, HA... WHY, CERTAINLY, MISS VAN LEW... WE FEINT AT THEIR RIGHT FLANK WITH A SMALL NUMBER OF TROOPS, WHILE OUR MAIN BODY OF MEN ATTACKS ON THE LEFT AT DAWN TOMORROW!



COMING FROM A RENOWNED, ARISTOCRATIC SOUTHERN FAMILY, ELIZABETH HAD CONTACTS WITH THE VERY HIGHEST CONFEDERATE OFFICERS... AND NEVER HESITATED TO EXACT THE HOMAGE DUE HER AS A SOUTHERN LADY!

GENERAL WINDER, I INSIST THAT YOU MAKE THAT SILLY OLD PRISON COMMANDER RENEW MY PERMIT TO VISIT THE FEDERAL PRISONERS! AS A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE FIRST FAMILIES OF RICHMOND, I...

ALL RIGHT, MISS VAN LEW... HERE'S THE NEW PERMIT! BUT I DO WISH YOU'D STOP THIS SILLY PRETENSE OF BEING A FEDERAL SPY... YOU POOL NOBODY! WHY, IF I THOUGHT FOR ONE MOMENT THAT YOU WERE A SPY, I COULD USE MY AUTHORITY AS HEAD OF THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE TO SIGN YOUR DEATH-WARRANT!





**AT TIMES, ELIZABETH SALLIED FORTH HERSELF TO DO HER OWN ESPIONAGE WORK...DISGUISED AS A COMMON FARMHAND!**

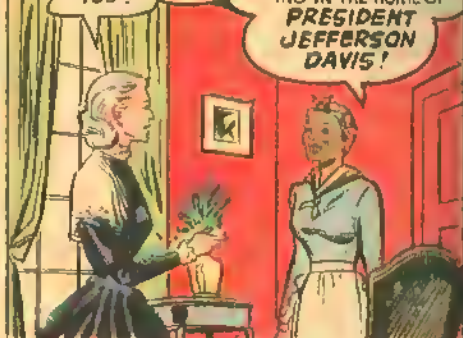


TWO REGIMENTS...  
EIGHTEEN CANNON...  
HEADING TOWARDS THE  
POTOMAC FRONT!

**ELIZABETH'S GENIUS AS A SPY WAS PROVEN BY HER MASTER STROKE...THE TRAINING OF MARY ELIZABETH BOWSER, A SLAVE SHE HAD PREVIOUSLY FREED, TO BE A SPY RIGHT IN THE VERY NERVE-CENTER OF THE CONFEDERACY!**

ALL RIGHT NOW, MARY...  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND  
EVERYTHING I'VE TAUGHT  
YOU?

YES, MISS VAN LEW...  
I KNOW EXACTLY  
WHAT TO DO WHEN  
I'VE STARTED WORK-  
ING IN THE HOME OF  
**PRESIDENT  
JEFFERSON  
DAVIS!**



**YES...THROUGH ARTFUL RECOMMENDATIONS AND MASTERFUL STRING-PULLING, ELIZABETH GOT HER TRUSTED AGENT RIGHT INTO THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES...WHERE TOP-SECRET MILITARY DECISIONS WERE MADE...AND OVERHEARD!**

WELL, GENTLEMEN, NOW THAT WE'VE  
PLANNED THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE  
COMING WINTER, WE CAN RELAX  
...MAY WE HAVE SOME MINT  
JULEPS, MARY?

YES, SIR...  
AT YOUR  
SERVICE, MR.  
PRESIDENT!



**INGENIOUS, TOO WERE THE MANY DEVICES THAT CRAZY BET USED TO TRANSMIT HER INFORMATION TO THE FEDERAL FORCES! SHE PROCURED MILITARY PASSES TO PERMIT MEMBERS OF HER HOUSEHOLD TO GO FROM THE TOWN HOUSE TO THE VAN LEW FARM BELOW RICHMOND...AND KEPT A STEADY STREAM OF EGG-BASKET CARRIERS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN THE TWO "ESPIONAGE STATIONS"!**

SOME EGGS  
FROM THE  
VAN LEW  
FARM,  
SIR!

FROM CRAZY BET? THAT  
MEANS THERE'LL BE AT  
LEAST **ONE** EGG THAT'S  
MERELY A HOLLOW SNELL  
...WITH A TINY SCROLL OF  
PAPER GEARED INTO IT!...  
AH, THIS IS IT!



**THERE WAS ALSO A CURIOUSLY RESTLESS YOUNG WOMAN, THE VAN LEW SEAMSTRESS, WHO SHUTTLED BACK AND FORTH THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE DEFENSES OF RICHMOND...CARRYING SPY MESSAGES WOVEN RIGHT INTO THE INTRICATE PATTERNS OF HER LACEWORK!**

I GUESS YOU'VE GOT  
NO MESSAGES HIDDEN  
ON YOU! PASS!

THE BLIND FOOL...  
IF HE WERE A  
WOMAN, HE'D KNOW  
THAT THESE LACE  
DESIGNS AREN'T  
SYMMETRICAL...AND  
WERE MEANT ONLY  
TO BE **READ!**



**OFTEN, ELIZABETH MANAGED TO "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS!"**

A BOUQUET  
OF FLOWERS HAS JUST  
BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THE  
LINES FOR YOU, GENERAL GRANT  
...THEY'RE FROM MISS VAN  
LEW!

AH, GIVE THEM TO  
ME...QUICK! THE  
WAY SHE ARRANGED  
THOSE FLOWERS  
WILL TELL ME ON  
WHICH FLANK THE  
ENEMY IS CONCENTRATING HIS FORCES!





ELIZABETH'S HOME WAS ALSO USED AS A HAVEN FOR YANKEE PRISONERS WHO ESCAPED FROM THE NOTORIOUS LIBBY PRISON IN RICHMOND!

HURRY...DON'T BE AFRAID! YOU'LL ALL BE SAFE HERE...THEY NEVER BOTHER TO SEARCH THE HOUSE OF CRAZY BET!

INSIDE THE HOUSE A SECRET CHAMBER, WHOSE SPRING DOOR COULD BE OPENED ONLY BY PRESSING ON A PANEL BEHIND AN ANTIQUE CHEST OF DRAWERS! HERE, IMPORTANT OFFICERS WHO HAD ESCAPED WERE HIDDEN UNTIL ELIZABETH COULD ARRANGE TO SMUGGLE THEM BACK TO THEIR LINES!

BETTY, YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER! WHEN I GET BACK TO GENERAL GRANT, I'LL MAKE SURE HE KNOWS OF YOUR GALLANT HELP TO OUR CAUSE!

ONLY WHEN RICHMOND WAS ABOUT TO FALL DID THE TOWNS-PEOPLE LEARN THAT CRAZY BET HADN'T BEEN CRAZY...THAT SHE HAD ACTUALLY BEEN SPYING FOR THE NORTH! BEFORE LONG, A STORMING, ANGRY CROWD SURGED UP TO THE VAN LEW MANSION...

THERE SHE IS...GET HER!

SHE'S THE ONE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FALL OF RICHMOND!

WAIT...ALL OF YOU!

BOLDLY, CALMLY, ELIZABETH STEPPED OUT IN FRONT OF THE MOB THAT CLAMORED FOR HER LIFE!

I KNOW YOU, TOM...AND YOU, BILL...AND YOU...! GENERAL GRANT WILL BE HERE IN AN HOUR...AND IF YOU HARM THIS HOUSE OR ANYONE IN IT, YOUR OWN HOMES WILL BE BLAZING BEFORE NOON!

I...I JEST REMEMBERED...GOTTA FEED MUH CHICKENS...

AND I...I MUST GET BACK TO MY WIFE AND FAMILY...

AS THE MOB QUICKLY SCATTERED, ELIZABETH PROUDLY RAISED THE FLAG OF UNION...AND SOON, THE ADVANCE FEDERAL FORCES WERE MARCHING PAST HER HOME, SALUTING THE FLAG...AND CRAZY BET!

THAT'S HER...SHE SAVED MY LIFE ONCE! 'RAY, CRAZY BET!

WHAT A GAL...THE WHOLE FEDERAL ARMY KNOWS ABOUT HER BY NOW!

AND THEN, THE MOST CHERISHED REWARD...FOR THE MOST DARING AND BRILLIANT WOMAN SPY IN THE SERVICE OF THE FEDERAL ARMIES...

Miss Elizabeth Van Lew  
Richmond, Virginia

My dear Miss Van Lew: You have sent me the most valuable information received from Richmond during the war  
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General, U.S.A.



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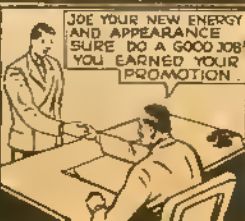
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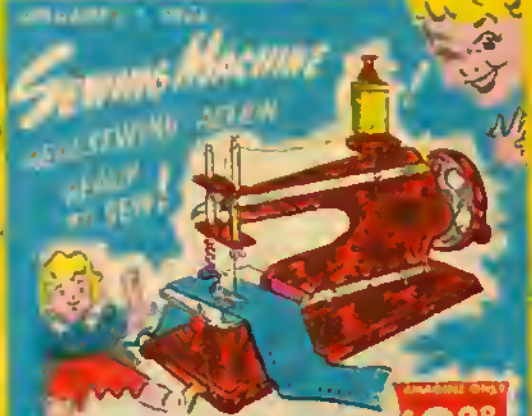


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Gentlemen: Please read me the following: Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

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